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JUNE 16, 1900

THE GRAPHIC.

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WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GRAPHIC

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SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1900

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BEAUTY AMONG THE DEVILS: ON THE ROOF OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS

DRAWN BY PAUL RENOUARD

Topics of the Week

The Crisis in the Far East

IT would be idle for any politician to attempt to disguise from himself that the outlook in the Far East is exceedingly serious. It was serious before the "Boxer" rising, for the relations between Russia and Japan had become strained over the Korean question, and it is notorious that the question of war was quite soberly in the minds of the statesmen at Tokyo. That danger has now, for the moment, been relegated to the background by the grave possibilities of the new anti-foreign movement in China. But it is only temporarily overshadowed, for the Korean question is one which neither Russia nor Japan can compromise, and which only the sword will finally decide. It is not at all improbable that the "Boxer" rising in China, which is so much indebted to Imperial protection, if not to Imperial stimulus, owes its appearance at this moment to some subtle calculations of the advisers of the Empress-Dowager, based on the knowledge of the growing quarrel between Russia and Japan. The discords of the Powers have always been the opportunities of States like China. We have only to call to mind the recent history of Turkey to see how these discords serve the purposes of unscrupulous and retrograde rulers. Chinese statesmen need no lessons in this kind of diplomacy, even from so astute a professor of the art as the Sick Man of the Near East. It was by a master-stroke of this kind of diplomacy that when China was prostrate before Japan she saved Liao Tung from her vanquisher. If, then, the present danger is to be overcome, the Powers must act in concert, and each must be scrupulous to give no cause for suspicion or misgiving to the others. It is gratifying to note that this lesson has at last impressed itself on the minds of all the Powers, and that, so far, they have acted together with absolute correctness. But accord alone will do nothing. It must be followed by prompt action. The Frankenstein of the Summer Palace has raised a monster, and she must be compelled to deal with it before it becomes powerful enough to defy even her. If the anti-foreign movement should extend until the Peking Government is unable to control it, the problem by which the Powers would be faced would be one of the gravest which the century has produced. The pacification of the Empire would then devolve on the Powers themselves, and it is very questionable whether such an enterprise could be carried out without severely straining their concerted action. One circumstance of excellent augury is that the relations of Great Britain and Russia in the Far East at the present moment are exceedingly cordial. We trust that this state of things will continue, although we are afraid that the recent performances of Count Muravieff do not encourage the British public to place absolute reliance on Russian protestations of friendship. Count Muravieff, however, is intelligent enough to see that the interests of Russia in the present crisis lie in conciliating Great Britain. If Russia and Great Britain act together one of the chief guarantees of peace is secured, for Japan must thereby be isolated.

War and Politics

THE Liberal politicians are, at length, beginning to realise that the position of parties must be profoundly affected by the South African War. Up to the outbreak of the war what may be called the Imperialist wing of the Liberal party was still in an embryonic stage. Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Henry Fowler talked good Imperialism when they got the chance, but they spoke as if conscious that they were crying in the wilderness. Officially, their party was still dead against them. No one is likely to forget the fatuity with which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman the recognised Leader of the Opposition, protested last autumn that there was no reason for military preparations, and then, some months later, blamed the Government for having been unprepared for the war. The former piece of folly was dictated by the peace-at-any-price section of the Liberal party. To-day even Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman refuses to listen to this section. He recognises, and the wire-pullers of the party recognise, that the country has had more than enough of the Liberalism that runs away from all responsibilities, and in the vain hope of securing peace, sacrifices honour. Even Mr. Gladstone, never in theory upheld such a policy, though in practice he sank to it. On a memorable occasion he combated the doctrine that peace was the greatest interest of England, and insisted that still greater interests were the fulfilment of duties and the redemption of engagements and an honourable response to the demands of justice and the calls of humanity. Mr. Morley, and the Liberals for whom he speaks, are still unable to sympathise with this ideal of national policy, or to distinguish it from the vulgar lust of territory. As a consequence the Liberal party is now face to face with a new schism. The Liberal Imperialists are determined to support the present Government in depriving the two Republics of their independence; the Little Englanders and the pro-Boers want to hark back to another surrender of the type of Majuba Hill. If the contest is carried as far as the poll, the effect must be to crush still further the already-disheartened Liberal party. That would certainly be a misfortune for the country, as well as for the

Liberals, for our system of Government thrives best when there is a moderately well-balanced rivalry between two parties. No such balance is possible unless the Liberals can get rid of the pro-Boer section of their Party.

Commercial Education

NONE too soon, the greatest commercial country in the world is beginning to devote attention to the urgent need for special training in that field of knowledge. The time has gone by when we could afford to allow our foreign competitors to have advantage over us in that respect; the rapid growth of Germany's export business and the increased strenuousness of American rivalry make up a writing on the wall which cannot be misinterpreted. It is a most excellent thing, therefore, that the National Union of Teachers should have brought into being machinery intended to stimulate young Britons to equip themselves for commercial campaigning. So far as it is yet carried this praiseworthy endeavour is confined to supplying testing apparatus to which schoolmasters can submit such of their pupils as may care to face the ordeal. Certificates are awarded, we believe, to the competent, and armed with these credentials they should stand better chance of getting good berths at first starting than the ordinary ruck of young commercial clerks have. The enterprise, although still in the embryo, has already made fine progress; schoolmasters throughout the kingdom are giving it more and more help by preparing larger numbers of their pupils for examination; on the last occasion, over 1,500 presented themselves, and the examiners reported a marked improvement in the average quality. It now remains for employers to do their part by paying a higher price for the more valuable article than they have been accustomed to give for the less valuable. Unless they accept that obligation, it is pretty certain that the trained commercial clerk will again become an extremely *rara avis*.

"United Ireland"

THE Irish National lute, although only just patched together, already shows more than one rift. It is Mr. Healy's turn this time to demonstrate how deep-seated is Irish brotherhood. Need it be said that he does it by pouring vitriol on that other distinguished patriot, Mr. O'Brien? These eminent statesmen have come to loggerheads, it appears, over the National Convention. We cannot penetrate into the inner mysteries of this terrible feud, but it suffices that Mr. Healy charges his compatriot with trying to induce Mr. John Redmond to wear the O'Brien livery. It is a tremendous disclosure, truly, and Mr. Redmond ought to feel deeply grateful to Mr. Healy for warning him of the treacherous trap. But instead of feeling obliged, the leader of the "united" Irish party is reported to have been entirely won over by those pretty blandishments which Mr. O'Brien vainly practised when deprived of an essential portion of masculine costume. It is to be hoped that the "livery" with which Mr. Redmond is now invested will not be shorn of its proper proportions, as a reminder of what Mr. O'Brien had to put up with from the base and brutal Saxon. But in any case the National Convention should, if it ever comes off, provide the world with plenty of amusement. It is a safe prophecy that there will be abundant scrimmaging, and the chairman may consider himself lucky if he emerges from the fray with no worse injuries than those of a football referee who has given an unpopular decision against the local team.

The Dust Fiend

IT may be veritably said of London's governing authorities that the unexpected always happens to them. Whenever a snowstorm occurs they are caught as much by surprise as if the oldest inhabitant had never heard of such a remarkable phenomenon. In hot weather the official mind appears to be equally astonished that street dust should ever behave so badly as to blind and choke wayfarers. During the present week there have been parts of the metropolis, especially the Western districts, where locomotion was about as pleasurable as a stroll across Sahara in company with a cyclone. The unwatered detritus in the side channels rose in thick clouds before every gust of wind; the demolition of old buildings, such as that now going on in the West Strand, added pulverised mortar to the street refuse; here and there, in side streets, a scavenger would be seen leisurely sweeping the asphyxiating mixture into heaps, apparently in the belief that some dust-cart would soon come along and remove his collections. In fine, all possible means were employed to fill the air with street refuse, but none whatever to prevent its getting there. Unhappily, this is the customary practice; not until after a week or two of blazing sunshine does it even dawn on the municipal mind that dust in human eyes or human lungs is very distinctly "matter in the wrong place." The only hope of remedial measures is the suffocation of some County Councillor or vestryman; we should deeply regret the tragedy, but the greatest happiness of the greatest number will demand immolation of some victim unless our conscript fathers display much more concern for those whose health and comfort they are supposed to look after.

The Court

THE QUEEN's brief visit to Balmoral closes next week. Majesty then comes back to Windsor for about a month before going to the Isle of Wight for the rest of the summer. There will be a succession of visitors at the Castle, beginning with the Khedive. The operatic performance on the 20th is intended for the Khedive's entertainment, and will be preceded by a large dinner party, while His Highness is also to be shown the Queen's farm and all the objects of interest in and round Windsor Castle. For the present, however, Her Majesty is still enjoying rest and quiet at Balmoral, where the Royal party has still been diminished by the departure of the Duke of York, the Duke to the river being low the Duke had very poor sport in the although the waters on the Royal estate extend for fourteen miles to Invercauld Bridge downwards. He only caught a few salmon in the very deepest pools. Princess Christian also has been away a day or two this week, going to Glasgow to open the Glasgow Hospital. She slept a night at Perth on her way from Balmoral and only spent a few hours in Glasgow, the Corporation being her hosts. During the Princess's absence the Duchess of York, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein kept the Queen company besides the three little York great-grandchildren. The Duke of Reginald Wingate, and Lord Rowton have also been staying at Balmoral.

Ascot draws the usual gathering of Royalty to the Heath, this year the Prince and Princess of Wales are not entertaining a big house party for the races. The Prince has been staying with a few friends at Ascot Heath Cottage, and the Princess was only expected at Ascot on the Cup Day to see her husband's Diamond Jubilee, run in the St. James's Palace Stakes. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught had guests at Bagshot Park, including the Duke of York, and Prince Christian welcomed several gentlemen at Cumberland Lodge, but there also the party was small owing to the Princess's absence with the Queen at Balmoral. The traditional Royal semi-State procession to the course on Tuesday and Thursday was abandoned in consequence of the war, but the Princes and Princesses drove over, the Princes also being present on Wednesday. The Royal Pavilion was done up again for the occasion, and the dining-room, with its cool blue and white draperies and plenty of flowers, looked very pretty at luncheon time. The drawing-room for the Princesses is a charming room, papered in *eau-de-nil* green, and the furniture covered with cream and green cretonne. The Prince of Wales would not return to town last (Friday) night, as he is due at Eltham to-day (Saturday) to distribute the prizes at the Royal Naval School. He goes north on Monday for a double engagement—to inspect the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at York, and to Newcastle-on-Tyne to lay the foundation-stone of the new Royal Infirmary. The Princess joins her husband at York and will accompany him to Newcastle. On July 12 the Prince and Princess go to Ladywell to open the new buildings for the aged and infirm poor of St. Olave's Union. The Prince has been learning how to drive a motor-car, as he has had a ten horse power Daimler hooded phaeton built for his use.

Thanks to the lovely weather, Princess Beatrice and her children are much enjoying their yachting cruise along our south-western coasts. They stayed several days at Devonport, where the Princess was deeply interested in the Military Hospital, especially as she saw some 200 sick and wounded soldiers just invalided home from the war. Amongst them were a number of Colonials and some coloured soldiers from the West Indian Regiment. The Princess also laid the foundation-stone of a Nurses' Home, which is being added to the Royal Albert Hospital at Devonport. This hospital has a special connection with the Royal Family, as the Prince Consort laid its foundation-stone in the year of his death. Princess Beatrice will shortly take a trip abroad, going first to Kissingen for a three weeks' "cure," then to Cronberg to stay with her sister, the Empress Frederick, and later to Darmstadt, on a visit to her sister-in-law, the Countess Von Erbach-Schonberg.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are going back to Ireland next week. The Duchess and family will stay at Castle Blakenham while the Duke camps out with the troops at the Curragh, and will not settle in their official quarters at the Royal Horse Guards, Kilmarnham, before the autumn. The alterations there take longer than at first expected, and now the beautiful ceiling in the Chapel has been found unsafe. It was designed by Sir Christopher Wren and Grinling Gibbons, and executed by an Italian artist.

Our Swedish Royal visitors are leaving us. King Oscar has gone to Paris, and the Queen and her son start early next week home, Prince Eugene being now convalescent. As the Sovereign to visit Paris, the King has had a very warm and monious welcome. President Loubet received him at the station and escorted him to the official residence for the guests of the nation—the late Dr. Evans's house in the Avenue du Prince de Boulogne. King Oscar was at the Grand Prix on Sunday, where he attracted nearly as much attention as the race, the cheering and crying "Vive Oscar." His Majesty sat between President and Madame Loubet in the Government tribune. The next Sovereign expected is King Humbert of Italy, who intends to spend a week in Paris. Should he be prevented, however, will send his son, the Prince of Naples.

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Singing and Playing Dogs; Dave MARION, Tramp Vocalist; STUART and
MAC, Knockabouts; Florrie FAIRFAX, Serio and Mimic; the SWALLOWs,
Sensational Rifle Shots; E. L. FREDERICK, Vocalist; MELIA, Clog
Dancer; the CONDOS, Japanese Equilibrists; Jenny DEANS, Serio; WILLIS,
Comical Conjuror; LEARTO, Musical Grotesque; CRONOW, Facial
Representations of Army Celebrities; GATES, Negro Comedian; Jennie
MIRETTE, Acrobatic Dancer; ALA COMA, Japanese Juggler; the Great
ARTHUR LLOYD, Annie King Lloyd, and Harry King Lloyd, Comic Trio
Sketches; Louise AGNESE, Irish Vocalist; PARKER'S Serpentine and High
Jumping Dogs; PETTITT and VERUE, Banjoists; LEWIS, Nautical
Comedian and Dancer; ANNIE LUKER'S Great Dive from the Roof, &c., &c.

SWIMMING ENTERTAINMENT, 5 and 10. SPANISH BULL FIGHT
and WAR PICTURES, 4.30 and 9.30.

See the Unique Collection of KIMBERLEY WAR RELICS.
JEFFRIES v. SHARKEY—GREAT FIGHT for the CHAMPIONSHIP,
at 3.30 and 8.30, in ST. STEPHEN'S HALL.

THE ARMY and NAVY EXHIBITION, under the patronage
of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, now open.
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CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.
Managing Director, Mr. H. E. MOSS.
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ELITE GRAND ORCHESTRA of 60 LADIES.
THE MAINE LADIES' NAVY ORCHESTRA.
THE SWEDISH HUSSAR LADIES' BAND.
IN THE EMPRESS THEATRE.
IMRE KIRALFY'S
Brilliant Realisation of the Homes, Life, Work, and Pastimes of the
WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS.
THE QUEEN OF ROMANIA'S HISTORIC DOLLS. FASHODA
AND DINKA VILLAGE. VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION. THE GREAT
CANADIAN WATER CHUTE.
THE GIGANTIC WHEEL.
SALVIATTI'S VENETIAN GLASS WORKERS. KHARTOUM
STREETS. THE BAY OF NAPLES. GALLERY OF LIVING
PICTURES. PHILPS AND ATHOL'S ILLUSIONS. THE ANI-
MATED ELECTRIC THEATRE. CAPE TO CAIRO EXCURSIONS.
INCUBATORS. SPORTS HALL. THE GRAVITY RAILWAY.
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THE GARDENS. Lovelier than ever.

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SUTTON-ON-SEA, MABLETHORPE, GRIMSBY, NEW CLEE, CLEE-
THORPES, BRIDLINGTON, FILEY, SCARBOROUGH, WHITBY,
ROBIN HOOD'S BAY, SALTBURN, REDCAR, TYNE-MOUTH,
WHITLEY, CULLERCOATS, LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT and
DOUGLAS (Isle of Man), from Moorgate, King's Cross (G.N.) &c.
Tickets, bills, etc. at Stations and Town Offices.
CHARLES STEEL, General Manager.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND.—THE ROYAL ROUTE.

COLUMBA IONA, &c., SAIL DAILY, MAY TILL OCTOBER.
Official Guide 6d. and 1s. Tourist Programme post free from
DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119, HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.



DRAWN BY F. T. WAUGH

FROM A SKETCH BY H. LEA

The sporting instinct in the Imperial Yeomanry is very strong, and it is no uncommon sight to see them race across the country, clearing spruits at breakneck speed

TALLY HO! HOW THE YEOMANRY TAKE THE SPRUITS



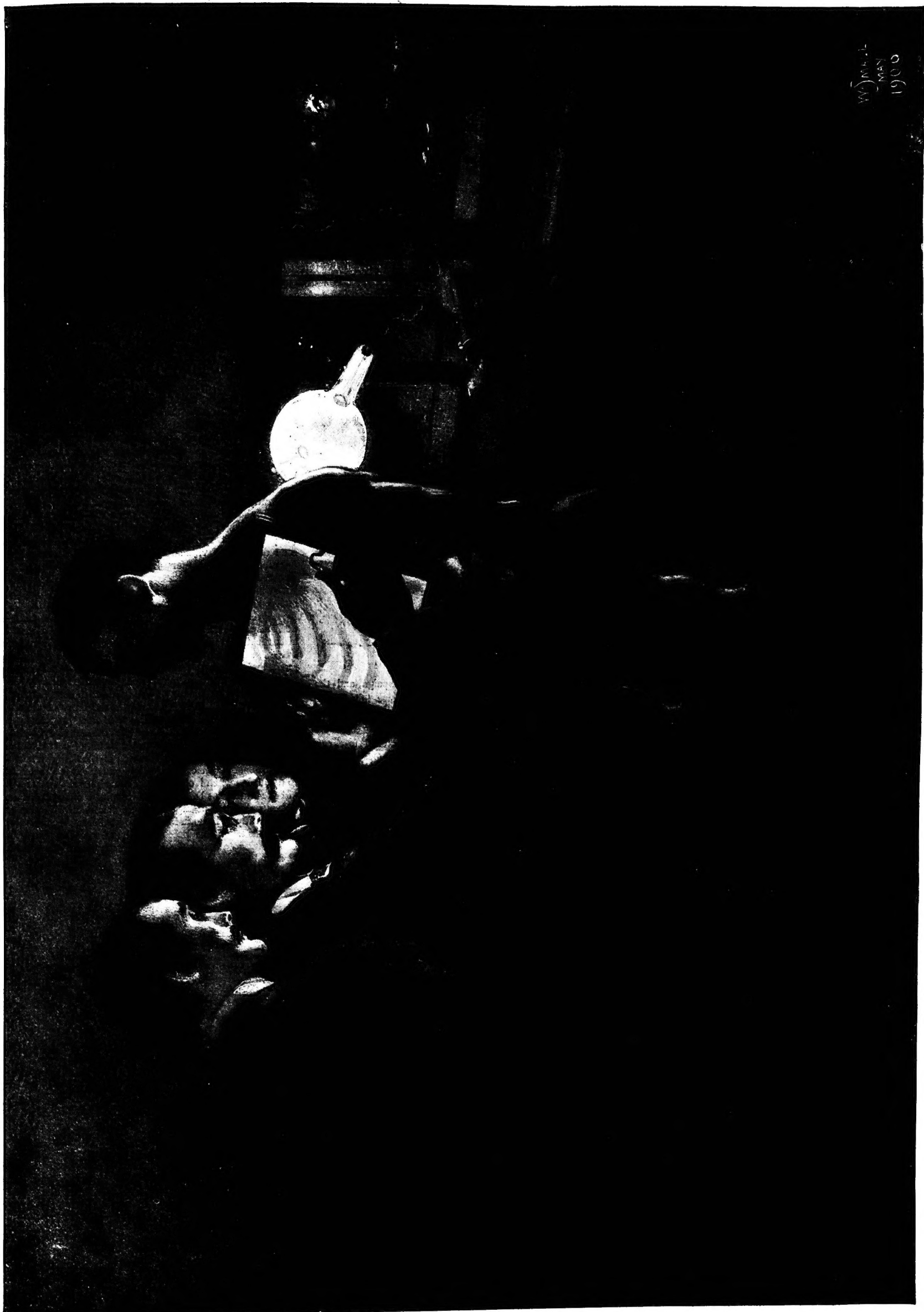
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIONEL JAMES

When the cavalry had frustrated the Boer attempt to seize Roodekop ridge, a pom-pom was brought into action against the wily enemy. The first belt of cartridges got them in groups at 2,000 yards. They immediately opened out like a fan and raced for cover. The little 1-pounder shells were bursting

all round them. It was very consoling to our men, who have suffered so much from the pom-poms, to see the enemy experiencing their own feelings

THE BITER BIT: BOERS UNDER POM-POM FIRE AT ROODEKOP ON APRIL 23



W. W. L.
MAY
1900

WOUNDED FROM THE FRONT. LOCATING A MAUSER BULLET BY X RAYS IN A LONDON HOSPITAL
DRAWN BY W. SMALL

The Gystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

WITH regard to the Golden Cross and its association with "Pickwick," Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, the friend of Dickens and a great authority on the subject, writes to me as follows:—1. "I doubt if the old, or first Golden Cross was the Pickwickian inn. In chapter X. we read that we are to look in vain for any ancient hostelry such as those in the Borough 'among the Golden Crosses and Bull and Mouths which rear their stately fronts, &c.' Here he clearly refers to the new, or re-erected inn, and would surely not confuse his narrative by introducing *two* Golden Crosses of different dates. 2. But here is a stronger point. The view, in the etching, is clearly taken from the pavement in front of the more modern hotel, for we can see in the distance the turn down to Whitehall. Were it the earlier building the turn would be right in front of us, about where the Landseer lions now are. 3. But I admit a difficulty. The text speaks of the 'low archway which in those days formed the entrance,' that is previous to its re-erection. This would imply that the new inn had no archway; 'those days' referring to '27, while Dickens was writing in '36. But I have seen an ancient picture of Charing Cross, *circa* 1720, showing the Golden Cross, with its gallows-like sign-post, but there is *no* archway. This, however, might have been introduced later. On the whole, I think 'Boz' would have preferred to deal with an existing inn, which was actually before the eyes of his readers, rather than with an abolished building."

This is a matter that is by no means easy to decide, seeing that we now have even a third Golden Cross, for the present building—at any rate, as far the exterior is concerned—is altogether different to that of twenty years ago. Surely some one could be found who would know whether the second Golden Cross ever had a coach-yard and an archway giving on the Strand, or there must be a picture of the hostelry in the numerous coaching scenes by Pollard and others of bygone years. There is a yard at the back, with an entrance from Duncannon Street, and this would rather point to there having been a front entrance at one time. Most of the coaching inns had an entrance at the back as well as the front. The principal evidence in favour of the first inn being that of "Pickwick"—demolished, I think, in '32—is Mr. Jingle's remark quoted a week or two ago. Mr. Pickwick could hardly have seen Whitehall when going under the archway of the present Golden Cross in the Strand. Could he?

A good deal of controversy has recently taken place with regard to the comparative merits of the authors of the Sixties and the Nineties. As far as matters have gone at present the Sixties seem to have very much the best of it. As a general rule, the American is disposed to overrate the English writers of the present day, and to undervalue those of his own country. The following lines, from an excellent article on the *Chicago Dial*, seem to give a very accurate view of the matter referred to:—"When we contrast the period of the sixties and seventies with the period of the eighties and nineties we may realise all the difference between a period in which the creative imagination is at full tide and a period when the flood of genius is fast ebbing away." In treating of this subject it should be remembered that though the progress of so-called education may be responsible for countless respectable mediocrities, it rarely produces genius. We should also remember that in the Sixties the elaborate machinery of modern booming was comparatively unknown.

The X Rays in South Africa

AMONGST the many interesting features in the present war none have excited more interest or been more remarkable than the demonstration of the practical utility of the X rays, and the exhaustive trial which is at present being made as to their application in warfare. Since Röntgen informed the world of his wonderful discovery enormous strides have been made in the working of the apparatus, for at the time knowledge of the outfit necessary was limited to a few who were rather electrical experts than medical men. In 1896 no one could have foreseen that within a few years the application of the X rays, both in medicine and in surgery, would become almost universal, and that in two campaigns and in three wars the necessary apparatus would have been employed, for



An X-ray photograph showing the position of a Mauser bullet in the left shoulder of a soldier invalided home. On the preceding page, the method of using the X rays may be seen

the Greek War, the Cuban War, the Tirah Campaign, and the Egyptian Campaign, and now the Boer revolt, have followed so shortly after each other that every facility has been given to the authorities to test its utility, and in the present operations especially every conceivable necessary plant has been despatched to South Africa.

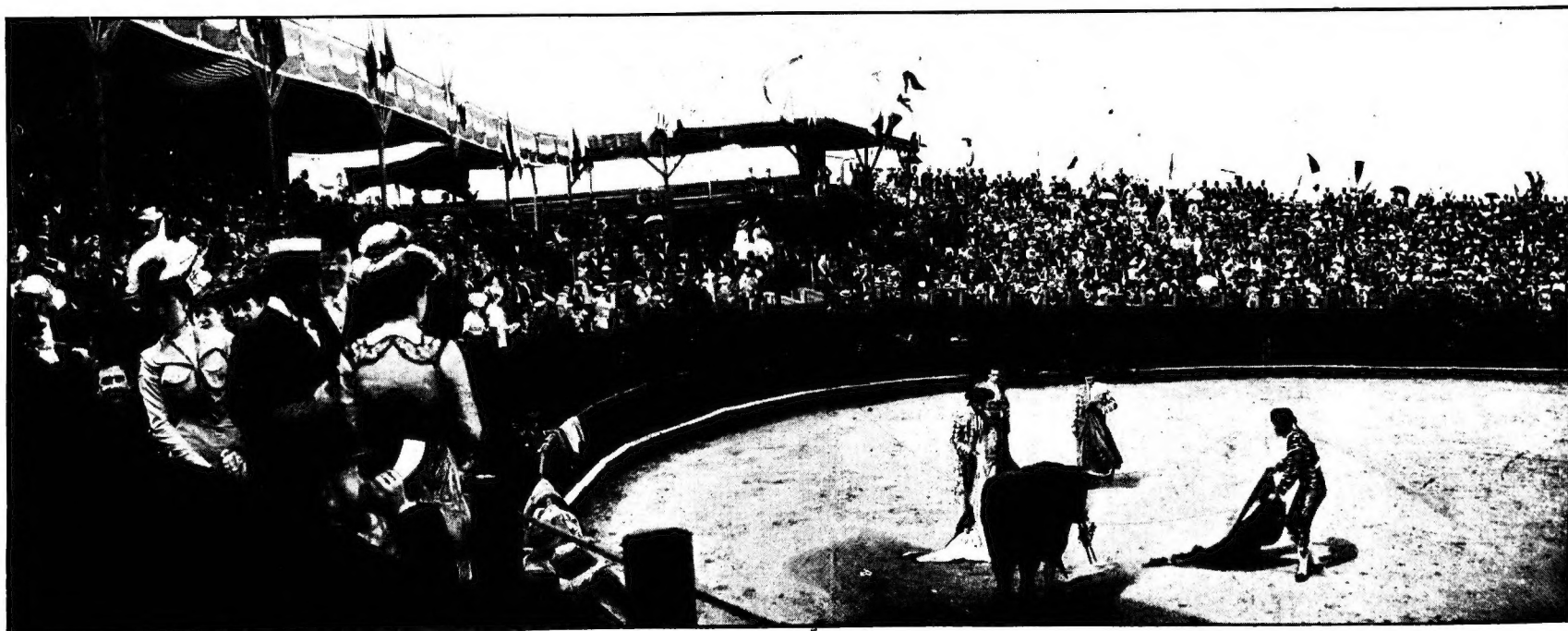
The most convenient form of apparatus consists of batteries which may be composed of primary cells, capable of generating the required electricity themselves, or secondary storage cells, that is to say, cells in which electricity can be stored from a dynamo or any form of continuous current electric supply. About six cells are usually required in each battery. The second part of the apparatus consists of a large induction coil, which is capable of giving an electrical discharge in air of ten inches; it is usually called a ten-

inch coil. The current from the batteries passes through an inner coil of wire, and in so passing generates a secondary current in numerous coils of thin wire which surround the inner coil and produces what is called a high-tension current, which again is passed through a high vacuum in a specially constructed glass tube from which the X rays are given off. The X rays thus produced can easily pass through certain tissues, such as skin and muscle, but are more or less stopped by other substances, such as bullets, glass, stones, needles, &c., which may have been introduced into the body, and in a lesser degree by bones, teeth, tumours, thick muscles and fat. After they have passed through the tissues they have the power of acting upon a photographic plate in the same way as ordinary light, and, of course, of throwing shadows of metal or tissues through which they are unable to penetrate.

The idea of the very great bulk and weight of the apparatus can be most easily imagined by the statement that the length of the winding of the secondary wire of an induction coil, which is capable of giving a spark of ten inches in the air, is over thirteen miles! A very important adjunct to the apparatus is what is called the fluorescent screen, which consists of a wooden frame, over which dark paper is stretched, through which the rays can pass with ease, and coated with several layers of a salt which is called platino-cyanide of barium, which, when placed in the path of the rays, become luminous, and throw a shadow of any substance introduced between the screen and the source of rays which does not allow the rays to pass. These shadows can easily be seen in a dark room, and obviate the necessity, with all the attendant delay, in developing, which must necessarily occur when a photographic plate is exposed.

In active warfare it is doubtful whether it is possible with profit to carry an X-ray outfit in the front with a rapidly moving army, and whether, if so carried, it would not rather hamper the medical men in charge, and take them from work for which they are more urgently required; for such bulky and, at the same time, delicate apparatus, would require special men to superintend its transportation, and in the field of battle would be so liable to injury that any probable usefulness would be greatly discounted. But, on the other hand, at the base, or advanced hospitals, it would not be possible to overestimate its usefulness, not only in showing the position of bullets and foreign bodies generally in the body, but also in exactly localising their position, and the direction which they have taken in their passage through the tissues, for very frequently the bullet, or projectile, leaves in its course a track of metal in the tissues which the X rays show with great distinctness, thereby enabling the surgeon to estimate from the direction taken the possible damage which may have been done during its course to such delicate and vital structures as the brain, nerves, heart, &c.

But although the usefulness of the rays in exact localisation cannot be overestimated, by far the greatest interest is attached to the facility with which injuries of bones can be detected, and by their means corrected, for the bullet itself (especially the mauser bullet) strange as it may appear, may pass through the soft tissues and cause little or no harm to the tissues, not excepting even the brain itself, recovery after the initial shock being sometimes rapid and uninterrupted, but when the passage is obstructed by bone the difference is very great, and deformity leading to lameness or paralysis may often result. With the screen or photographic plate it is possible to estimate the exact amount of damage done to bones, and evil results may be averted. In connection with the entry of projectiles, and in the presence of broken bones, it is now possible by means of stereoscopic pictures to see exactly the relative position of the different fragments, the appearance being, of course, rather as if a solid body was being viewed instead of the flat picture with which one is so familiar in ordinary photographs. It is also often possible to determine when looking at an X-ray picture whether a fragment of bone which has been severed from its ordinary blood supply, or poisoned by the passage of septic material with the bullet, or subsequently of bacteria from the wound along the course which the bullet has taken has become dead and would require removal, for its retention in the body would greatly retard the recovery of the wounded man.



In the foreground, Dr. Maréchal, Vice-President of the French Society for the Protection of Animals, is blowing a horn by way of protest. A curious incident marked the preliminaries to this bullfight. According to the usual custom, four toreros in gala costume drove around the town, so as to show themselves and to attract people to the ring. As the carriage containing the four was approaching the arena a man jumped out from the crowd, and presenting a revolver at Félix Robert, a famous French torador, fired. Robert, who was hit in the right arm, was taken to a chemist's, where his injury, which

was not serious, was attended to, and he was able to play his accustomed part. He had a narrow escape from the horns of a splendid black bull, and was slightly butted in the breast, but he jumped aside from the danger, and then, returning to the charge, succeeded in killing the animal. Some panic was caused in the arena by the escape of a bull, but the organisers, warned by what happened at Enghien last year, had taken their precautions, and a second row of palings, higher than those near the arena, prevented the animal from rushing among the crowd of spectators. Our illustration is from a photograph by Léon Bouet

THE FIRST BULLFIGHT HELD IN THE ARENA AT DEUIL, NEAR PARIS

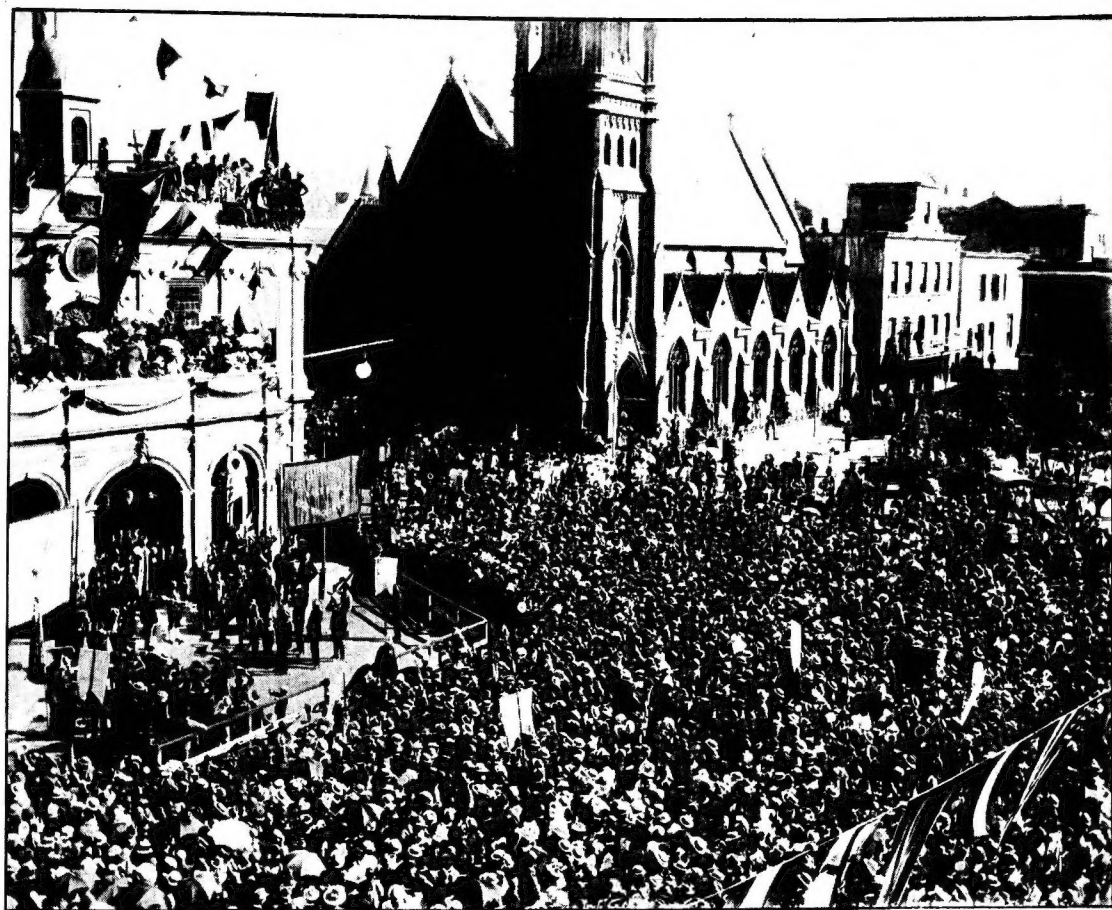
An Artistic Causerie

BY M. H. SPIELMANN

Incidents of importance have occurred which gravely concern the National Gallery. The first is that fire next door which has so long been mentioned in this column. We are told that the Gallery was really in danger—thanks chiefly, no doubt, to the gentle breeze which so effectually aided the promptness of the Gallery firemen. But what if the fire had occurred in that portion of the building occupied by the great furniture warehouse of Messrs. G. and J. and if a westerly wind, such as usually prevails, had blown the flames and flying embers upon the Gallery in close proximity? Every precaution which prudence can suggest is taken in the building, even to a cistern of water with which to souse the floor and flood the wooden flooring when the destructible material is in danger. But with enormous bonfires *in posse* to the west, east and north, too much must not be expected, and the public must understand that the National Gallery and all its contents are in hourly danger of fire. Having been permitted to look over the buildings and surroundings from the roof I can speak with authority. Until the block to the west (which is irrevocably reserved for the extension of the Gallery) has been acquired and the fire cleared, the Government will not have done its duty in duly protecting the collection which is the glory of the nation.

Another incident to which allusion has been made is the disappearance from the Gallery of the twenty pictures which were bequeathed to it by Mariana Augusta Lady Hamilton in 1892. The lady was the daughter of Sir James Cockburn, and among the pictures was the lovely "Lady Cockburn and her Children," one of the finest masterpieces of Reynolds. The family have recently discovered that she had no right to bequeath them, and the National Gallery and National Portrait Gallery, among which they were distributed, have had no option but to return them. So we shall have to credit our latest editions of the catalogue by striking out all numbers from 1,354 to 1,373 inclusive, the artists including Reynolds (1), Richard Wilson (2), Devis (2), Morton (3), Battoni (1), Halls (1) and Zoffany (1). They will not all be equally regretted on artistic grounds, no doubt—but the loss of the Reynolds is a catastrophe.

Meanwhile, the Gallery has lost further 31 oil-pictures and 16 water-colours, which have gone to the Tate Gallery—a loss which is really a gain. Six Landseers, four Goods, four Mulready's, three Elys, two Wilkies, a Collins, and a Pickersgill, together with modern foreign pictures by Dyckmans, H. Vernet, Ary Scheffer, Bonvin, Signor Costa, M. Clays, and M. Charles Poussin—none of which (except, perhaps, the Vernet) had any sort of claim to be in the Gallery when so many contemporary pictures had been removed to Millbank. But how, after all, can the housing of Continental pictures be justified in the National Gallery of *British Art*?—except that the paradoxical arrangement retains them in the immediate control of the Trustees. Their natural home seems to be the Victoria and Albert Museum. The water-colours include works by Cattermole (4), David Cox (3), John Varley (3), Wilkie (2), Mulready (2), J. F. Lewis, and W. J. Müller. Against these losses—which have greatly relieved the Gallery and raised its general average—must be placed the acquisition of an early Flemish "Portrait of a Man and Wife" (No. 1689), which has been hung in Room IV. The re-arrangement of the Turners consequent on these changes is an enormous improvement.



When the men from the Salt River Railway works arrived at the Town Hall in the course of their procession through the town, the Mayor came out and addressed them, and cheers were given with the greatest enthusiasm for the Queen and Major-General Baden-Powell

THE SCENE IN FRONT OF THE TOWN HALL

Perfidious Albion has been giving a lesson in probity to some of the exhibiting nations at the Paris Exhibition. By the rule that no pictures might be shown which were painted before May, 1889, the English Committee honestly abided, and so sacrificed their chance of making a still stronger exhibition than they have done. But other nations were not so—simple. The Belgian rooms, for example—which were the last to open—simply swarm with illegitimate dates; pictures by Alfred Stevens and others from as early as 1856 and onwards, strengthening their display in an extraordinary manner. A similar disregard, though of course not on the same scale, may be seen in the American section (which, by the way, not only claims Mr. Abbey and Mr. Sargent, but at least one British-born England-living painter), the French section, and I know not how many more beside; indeed, one artist actually exhibits the work by which he gained highest honours last time! and Mr. Whistler shows as his finest work a picture of his youth.

Those who visit the Royal Academy Exhibition and do not, for once, shun the water-colour room, will observe a slight yet im-

portant innovation in the importation thither of the enamels which hitherto have been shown in the sculpture gallery. The change, which is logical, is significant. It means that enamels, which were only regarded latterly as decorations to metal objects, are now accepted on their own account and on their own merits. The change has been wrought chiefly by Professor von Herkomer, Mr. Alexander Fisher, and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson. But that it is only the beginning of greater things, we may be sure.

The official statement that the war medal is in the hands of Mr. G. W. de Saulles, of the Mint, will come as something of a relief to most of the few who interest themselves in the art of the medallist in England. The fact is that, apart from Mr. de Saulles and Mr. Frank Bowcher, we have hardly any professional medallists in this country; the sculptors are too busy with bigger commissions, and the die-sinkers' designers and engravers are too incompetent for serious consideration. And there are few even among the sculptors who seem to appreciate the difference between a small *bas relief* and what is (falsely) called in France *la gravure en médailles*.



The deputation from the employés of the Railway Works, Salt River, took a prominent part in the Cape Town celebrations over the relief of Mafeking. For some time past the Salt River men had decided that when the news that Mafeking was relieved reached the metropolis they would signalise the day. With banners flying and bands playing they marched through the town to Government House as soon as the news of the relief was bruited abroad, and they certainly had every reason to be pleased with the manner in which they were received by Her Majesty's representative. Only a short interval elapsed before the appearance of His Excellency, who was accompanied by his personal staff and a number

of military officers, whilst amongst the members of the House party present were the Duchess of Teck, Lady Charles Bentinck, Lady Edward Cecil, Lady Settrington, Miss Brassey, and Mrs. Mackeson. The deputation then presented an address, to which Sir Alfred responded in a stirring speech, at the conclusion of which the entire gathering sang the National Anthem before dispersing to celebrate elsewhere the day which had been proclaimed a public holiday. Our illustrations are from photographs by J. T. Pocock and Co., Cape Town

SIR ALFRED MILNER ADDRESSING THE SALT RIVER DEPUTATION AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE CELEBRATING THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING IN CAPE TOWN

The Future of the Republics

EPHEMERAL MR. CHAMBERLAIN

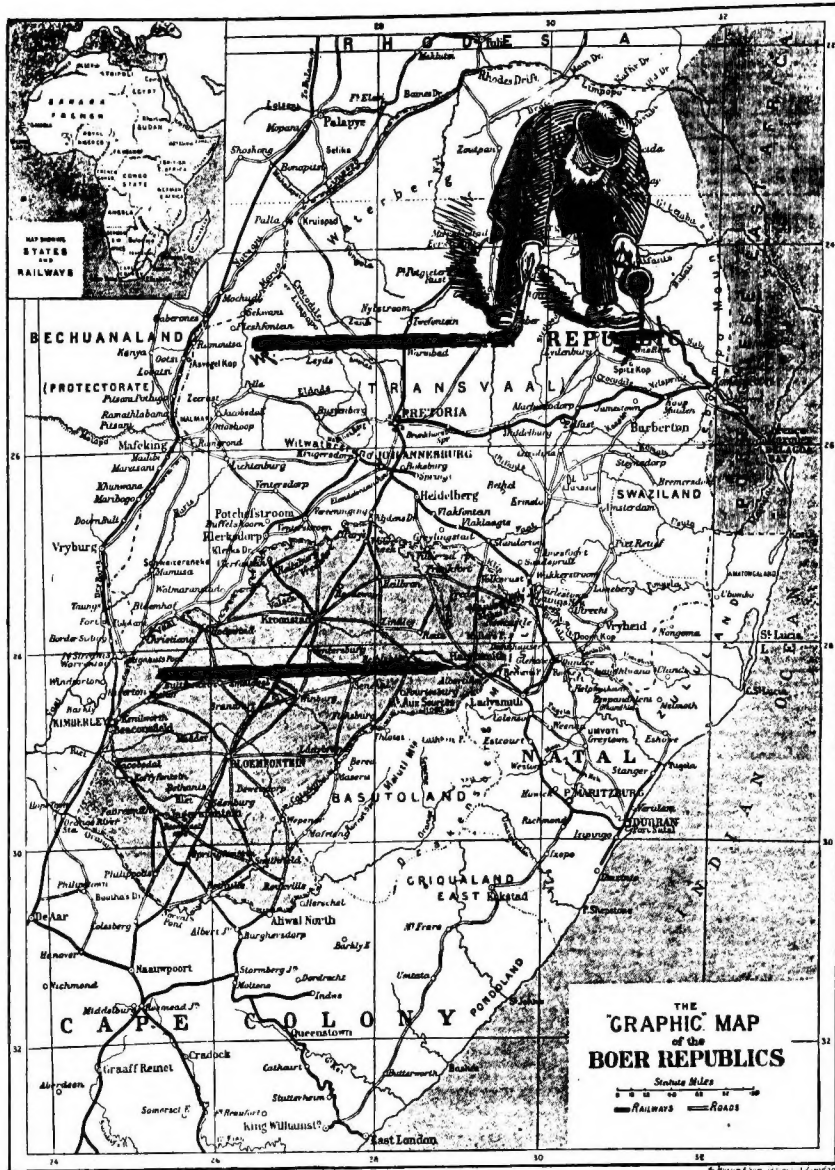
MR. HERBERT PAUL, in his indictment of the Government and all its works in the *Contemporary*, raises the question of annexation, and the word is to him an abomination. "The Liberal Party have not made this war, and they will not be responsible for the consequences which may follow it," says the writer, wholly ignoring the fact that the war is the indirect outcome of a mistaken Liberal policy or want of policy. One of these consequences, he continues, may be, or probably will be, temporary annexation.

I say temporary because I have no more doubt that the Republics will regain their independence than I have that the sun will rise to-morrow. The Boers are not of the stuff which makes subject races, and they will never cease to struggle until they are free. Mr. Chamberlain may hold them down as long as he can. But Mr. Chamberlain is ephemeral, and liberty is not. Annexation means a recurrence of civil war, marked by all the evil symptoms of hatred between races, and only interrupted by a precarious truce. Those who were against the war will protest against annexation as its crowning folly and iniquity. Those who were in favour of it and regarded it as "inevitable" may be referred to Mr. Asquith's statement after it had begun, that the very idea of annexing these Republics was infamous. This war has saddened and chastened many minds even among those who believed in its necessity. It has had no such effect upon Mr. Chamberlain. He regards it as the best thing which has happened to England for many a long year. Although it is not yet over, he is ready for another. Let the Powers come on. He will fight them all. Such is Jingoism, naked and undisguised.

Fortunately those best qualified to judge do not hold out such gloomy prospects as Mr. Paul with regard to the coming settlement, and have every confidence that Boer and Briton will work side by side with a friendliness born of their new respect for each other.

THE BLACK MAN AS FELLOW-CITIZEN

In the *Nineteenth Century* the Rev. J. S. Moffat has a very instructive article on the native problem in South Africa, and very justly points out that some people talk and act as though there were no inhabitants to be considered but the 800,000 Europeans who began to arrive in the country two and a half centuries ago. As a matter of fact, the original inhabitants of the country are still there to the number of at least four millions. So far from the original races dying out on contact with civilisa-



HOW MR. KRUGER "STAGGERED HUMANITY"

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

tion they more than hold their own, and have for themselves an acknowledged place in the system by supplying labour. In the matter of treatment of the natives Mr. Moffat finds the general tone of the white man towards the natives unjust. In the Cape Colony he is best off, in Transvaal worst off:—

Here at least there is no pretence or hypocrisy in no affectation of putting the black man as a citizen level with the white. He is taken in theory and in practice to be an inferior being who cannot have the rights of an ordinary citizen. No refinements are indulged in to grades of colour. The respectable, civilised, progressive employer of labour, only one remove in colour from a man, is just as much in the eye of a Boer as a black man as the Kaffir or even the wild Shangaan from the north. All alike are "Kleurlingen" and as such are a different law. One of the first things that strike a stranger in a Transvaal railway station is that, over and above the ordinary three classes, there is a fourth class, "Kleurlingen." There is a separate booking office for this. This is typical of all Transvaal life. The coloured man has no right to exist off the "location" which is set apart for him in his aboriginal tribal condition, unless he carries badge and is the possessor of a pass showing that he is the service of a white man. To connect him with any of Parliamentary franchise would be unthinkable. He is not own, in his own name, an acre of ground, even if were to cover it with sovereigns as the purchase price.

The Uitlander has only too readily adopted the Boer view of the black man, and from Colonial Governments the writer thinks that the natives have little to hope; in short, "great and many" have been the shortcomings of the Imperial Government, the thoughtful native in South Africa sees hope for his people mainly in Imperialism against Colonial administration." Now that the whole question of the administration of South Africa is coming up for reorganisation is the time to consider clearly and with foresight the whole native question:—

We have our choice of alternatives. We may allow the Boer to persist in regarding black men as a servile race, keeping them under as such. This line of policy may result in hideous failure. Any race kept in a servile condition must deteriorate, and the process of deterioration will not confine itself to them, but will spread upwards like a foul miasma, poisoning the springs of the whole national life. Moreover, these black men in South Africa answer to what we call in Europe the democracy. Democracies have a way of asserting themselves eventually. In the long run they are bound to win. They may win by a healthy constitutional growth, as we see them doing in Great Britain and in the United States. Or they may assert themselves spasmodically and terribly in ruinous upheavals. Do we want a Black Terror in South Africa some day—like the Red Terror of a hundred years ago in France? The other course is to accept the black man as a possible fellow-citizen. He has qualities which in the pure air of constitutional freedom are favourable to the noblest type of manhood, and calculated to add to the dignity and welfare of the whole community. The time will come when, dealt with on the broad ground of human justice, instead of being a danger, he will be one of the great sources of strength to the South African Commonwealth.

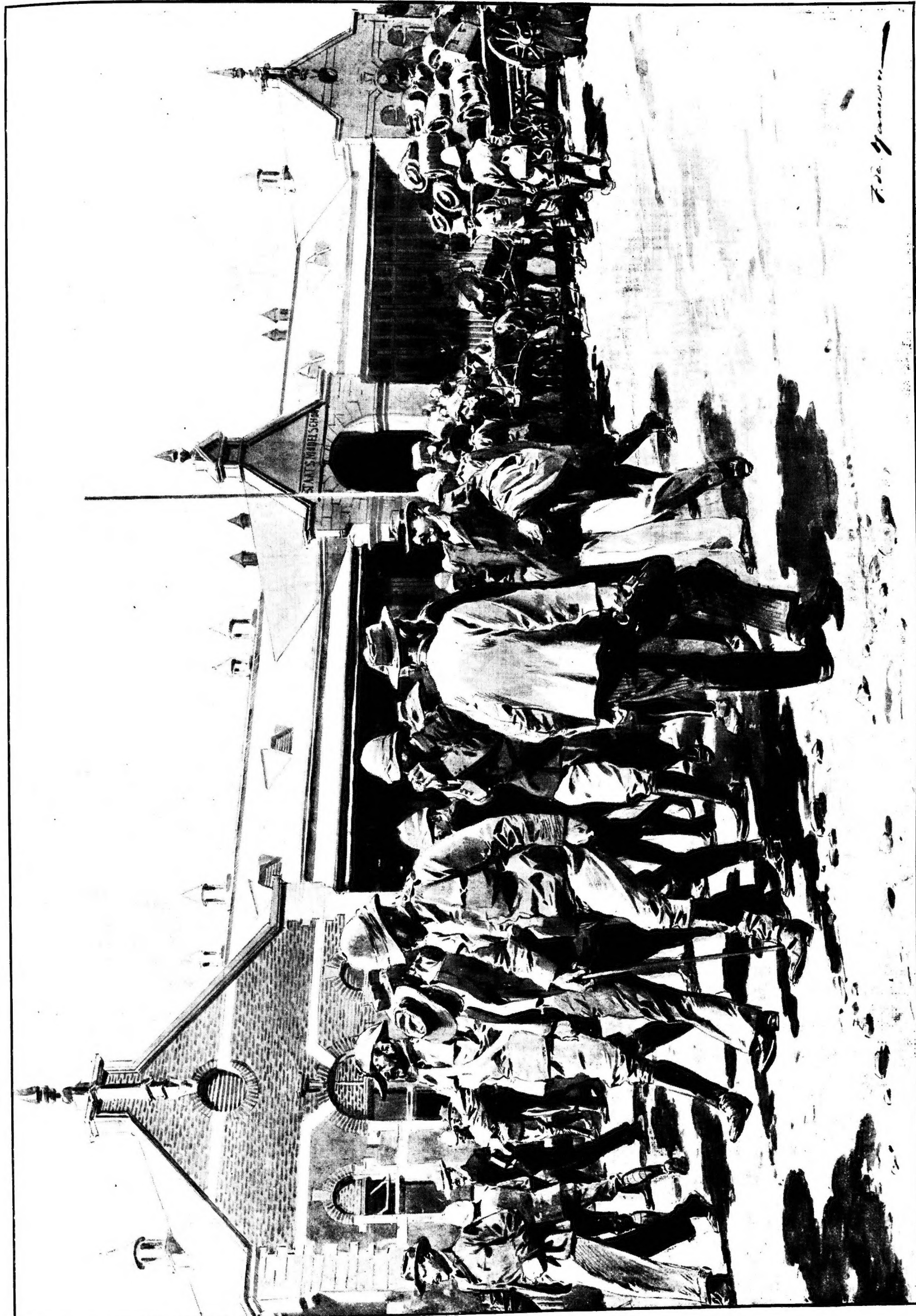


A swarm of locusts is the dread of the farmer in South Africa, for they leave a desolate wilderness behind, and a swarm is scarcely more welcome when it visits one of the British camps. So intolerable a nuisance are the locusts—they measure about 2½ inches in length—that everyone turns out in great excitement to repel the invaders. "I have seen," writes Mr. Julian Ralph in the *Daily Mail*, "all the men of the Coldstream and the Scots Guards out of their tents in their undershirts and breeches whacking

away at billions of locusts with bayonets, sheaths, saucyans, haversacks, helmets, braces, sticks, short shovels, tunics, boots—with everything they could lay hands on—and all shouting and laughing like school-boys. You have heard what one said when he saw his first locusts: 'Blime me,' said he, 'if even the blooming butterflies ain't khaki down here.'"

A SWARM OF LOCUSTS ATTACKS A CAMP: DRIVING OFF THE "BUTTERFLIES IN KHAKI"

DRAWN BY H. M. FAGET



BRITISH PRISONERS AT PRETORIA CHANGING QUARTERS

FROM ALL ACCOUNTS THERE APPEARS TO BE NO DOUBT THAT THE TREATMENT OF BRITISH PRISONERS AT PRETORIA HAS BEEN IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO THAT INFLICTED ON THE BOER PRISONERS IN OUR HANDS. COMPLAINTS HAVE BEEN MADE OF BAD FOOD AND INSANITARY SURROUNDINGS, AND ALSO THAT THE COMFORTS SENT OUT FROM THIS COUNTRY HAVE, IN MANY CASES, NOT REACHED THEIR DESTINATION. IT IS NOW REPORTED THAT THE PRISONERS HAVE BEEN SENT TO SPILKEN, IN THE NORTHERN TRANSVAAL. OUR ILLUSTRATION SHOWS SOME OF THE CAPTURED BRITISH OFFICERS BEING REMOVED FROM THE STATE SCHOOL

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BOWERS, PRETORIA

F. de Haenen

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

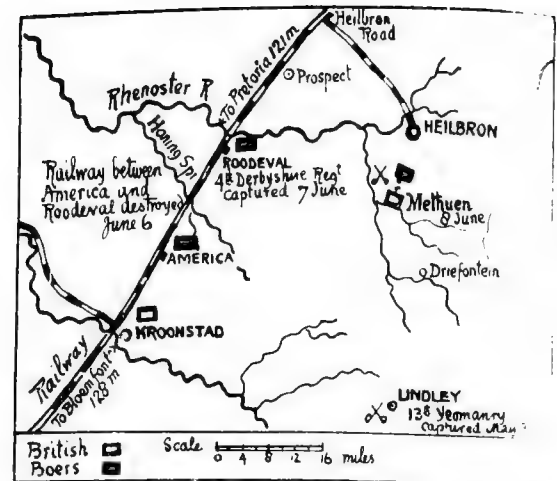
At Pretoria

THE entry of the British troops into Pretoria was a notable spectacle. "The men," wired one correspondent, "who looked in grand form, were reviewed by Lord Roberts, and much cheering. The Boers left in the town are surprised and dismayed, but they philosophically accept the situation, and there is no trace, at all events outwardly, of bad feeling." They certainly have "accepted the situation," including the suppression of the rabid Anglophobe *Volkstem*, organ of the Boer Government, and the courteous intimation by our polished officers to poor "Tante Sanna," wearing "a black silk dress and a white cap," that the burghers guarding the "Presidency" would now have to be replaced by a guard of British soldiers, whereupon "the burghers placed their pistols and ammunition upon the asphalted pavement near the white lions"—a very bitter moment for these burghers. Among other things—including all the bullion at Pretoria—which the Boers had managed to take away with them to Machadodorp, were close upon a thousand of their British prisoners—but Lord Roberts had arrived in time to secure the release of the remainder—150 officers and 3,500 men—many of whom had been

taken possession of his camp and scattered his troops in all directions. Lord Roberts, on learning that his communications were cut, had ordered General Kitchener with a force to effect a junction with Lord Methuen, which was effected at Vredefort on the 10th. On Monday also there was some sharp fighting some fifteen miles north of Pretoria, where Generals French and Ian Hamilton dislodged General Botha and his force from their advantageous positions.

Per Contra

But elsewhere the disaster of Roodeval was more than countervailed, four days later, by the surrender of 1,500 Boers to General Brabant in the Ficksburg district, by the death of Commandant Olivier, as well as the mortal wounding of General de Villiers, in the engagements near Rooikrantz, and by the swooping down from the north or north-west, of a body of our troops, reported to be Hunter's, who defeated the Boer raiders and railway-wreckers at Honing Spruit. The rest of the week's fighting up and down our Orange River Colony has been reported in a manner too kaleidoscopic and obscure to permit of anything like a systematised summary, but as we have now in that newest appendage to the Crown something like five and a half divisions of infantry and a mounted division, there can be no possible difficulty in maintaining the safety of the line communicating between Bloemfontein and Lord Roberts, with his three infantry and two mounted divisions. The disaster of Roodeval was an



The above map shows the district north of Kroonstad, on either side of the railway, which was threatened by the Boer raiders, who destroyed the railway, it is said, for a distance of twenty miles, between the station of America and Roodeval. Methuen, however, successfully engaged Boers south of Heilbron, and reinforcements were sent up along the line from Bloemfontein. Further south are Rundle and Brabant, where Lord Methuen, from the Army of the Right Flank operating against the Orange Colony Boers, and endeavouring to keep them back from the line communications.



Lord Roberts

Colonel Spence

Lieut. Roberts

This snapshot has a pathetic interest, because it shows the Commander-in-Chief conversing with Colonel Spence, of the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles, in which Lord Roberts's nephew also has a commission. Colonel Spence, it will be remembered, lost his life very recently when Sir Charles Warren was surprised at Douglas. He brought four hundred of the "Duke's" into action in admirably extended order in a position where, though they came under heavy fire, their losses were slight, namely, three killed and four wounded, but, unfortunately, the three included the gallant Colonel, who was shot while calmly sitting up for a minute issuing directions. Our illustration is from a photograph by J. Box.

LORD ROBERTS TALKING TO COLONEL SPENCE

able to mix with the crowd and witness the triumphal entry of their comrades into the Boer capital.

A Coup de Jarnac

Barely, however, had Lord Roberts thus made a comparatively clean surface of the slate recording the number of prisoners, when it was again chalked large with a most humiliating figure—the figure of some 600 to 700 officers and men of the 4th Derbyshire (Militia) Battalion, which had been surrounded and forced to surrender by a more than doubly superior force of Boers near Roodeval on the 7th inst., two days only after "Bobs's" triumphal entry into Pretoria. This new disaster to our arms had been adumbrated by a previous telegram from General Kelly-Kenny, commanding at Bloemfontein, reporting that the telegraph line at Roodeval, to the north of Kroonstad, had been cut by a body of Boers, 2,000 strong, with six field guns, and that he was sending strong reinforcements to the north, while the General of Communications at Cape Town, on his part, was pushing up a corresponding contingent to supply the deficiency thus caused in the defensive figures of the Orange River Colony's capital—on the principle, *uno avulso, non deficit alter*. A supplementary telegram announced that about twenty miles of railway between America Siding and Roodeval, had been completely destroyed by the Boer dynamiters. That the 4th Derbyshires (Sherwood Foresters) must have made a gallant defence before laying down their arms seems to be proved by the fact that they lost seventeen killed, including their Colonel, Baird-Douglas, of the 3rd Cameron Highlanders, and secretary to the Junior United Service Club, and sixty-four wounded, comprising five officers. On Tuesday, however, Lord Roberts wired from Pretoria that Lord Methuen had won a victory over De Wet on the Rhenoster River, had

annoying incident, and nothing more. The prisoners taken there were sent eastward to Vrede, whither there had also repaired ex-President Steyn, who, like a Boer Gambetta, had been rambling up and down the eastern parts of his quondam State, stamping fresh commandos out of the ground, and even stamping them into it with hob-nailed boot and sjambok if they faint-heartedly refused to fight.

Buller and Botha

At Vrede Mr. Steyn was probably quick to discover that he had only quitted the frying-pan to land himself on the edge of the fire. For by this time Buller, in his persistent efforts to manoeuvre the Boers out of the Majuba-Laing's Nek position, had at last forced the passage of Botha's Pass through the Drakensberg range, and reached a point—Gansvlei—in the Orange River Colony, only about eighteen miles east of Vrede, the primary destination of the captured Sherwood Foresters. While the 4th Derbyshires, in bitterly downcast mood, were tramping along between lines of their Boer captors to Vrede, the 2nd Dorsets, with the bayonet, were storming a way for Hildyard across Almond's Nek, which gave Buller a strategical position that enabled him to march on the open country behind Charleston, and thus render quite untenable the Boer lines at Laing's Nek. This was on Monday last, the 12th inst., and on the following day Buller was able to send home the most gratifying announcement that he was encamped four miles to the north of Volksrust, the very point whence, eight months to a day previously, the Boers had invaded Natal. And now Natal was again completely clear of them—Laing's Nek and Majuba having been evacuated by the burghers, while the troops of General Clery—he of the clever class-book on "minor tactics"—were streaming in triumph across the famous Nek, which, as it had once been the

scene of one of the bitterest humiliations in all our history, was the witness, after many days, of the completed effacement of a sordidly sorrowful page from our military annals.

The Boers had been most skilfully manoeuvred out of the Laing's Nek position by Buller, who had at last managed "to find a round," and thus avoid unnecessary bloodshed. But the actions which he fought on his way to Volksrust, the campaign in the Transvaal, were more in the nature of real actions than anything else; and but for the "amazing magnanimity," as one writer phrased it, which induced Buller to grant his antagonist, General Christian Botha, a period of no less than three days within which to consider a demand for the unconditional surrender of his force, it is probable that the Laing's Nek Boers would not have been able to clear away with all their stores and guns—away, most likely, towards Machadodorp, about 120 miles distant. In none of Buller's own published despatches was any mention made of his interview with the Boer leader, "on the high road, under the shadow of Majuba Hill, and almost on the identical spot at which the armistice was agreed to on March 4, 1881."

But it is certain that such an interview, lasting over half an hour, was held, with the result that it gave the Boers three days to prepare for evacuating a position which Buller had declared to be surrounded and incapable of further defence. In a case of that kind, Moltke would have given the Boers—not three days, but three minutes to make up their minds. The result was that, profiting by Buller's "amazing magnanimity," Botha and his wily Boers quietly began to pack up their traps and prepare—not for sorrowful surrender, but for leisurely retirement from a position which, according to the guileless Buller, "they must have been disheartened not to have held longer than they did." Buller had at first made a show of turning the Laing's Nek position by a movement on Utrecht on his right, but his real objective was Botha's Pass on his left, towards which he detached Hildyard's Division, while leaving Clery and Lyttelton to distract the attention of the enemy on their front. By dint of the gallantry of his troops, who would not be denied—and whose losses do not appear to have amounted to many more than succumbed to sunstroke during a recent field-day at Aldershot—Hildyard's Division pressed on to and through the Botha Pass, and on to Almond, or Allemann's Nek, which the Dorsets carried with "magnificent dash and determination," and then on to Joubert's Farm, 100 miles north of Volksrust, only to find that the wily Boers, "fighting like foxes and fleeing like hares," had again slipped away. But if Buller could not capture their guns, he has at least possessed himself of their line of communication, and before long, when the Laing's Nek tunnel is repaired, Lord Roberts will be enjoying the use of the railway from Pretoria to Durban.

Sir Clement Lloyd Hill

SIR CLEMENT LLOYD HILL, K.C.M.G., C.B., has been appointed by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to be Superintendent of the African Protectorates administered by the Foreign Office. Sir Clement Hill was born in May, 1845, and is the third son of the late Rev. John Hill. He was educated at Marlborough College and entered the Foreign Office in 1867. He acted as Secretary to Sir Bartle Frere's mission to Zanzibar in 1872-3, was acting Chargé d'Affaires at Munich in 1876, and Commissioner to Hayti in 1886 and 1887. Our portrait is by J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street.



SIR CLEMENT LLOYD HILL, K.C.M.G., C.B.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

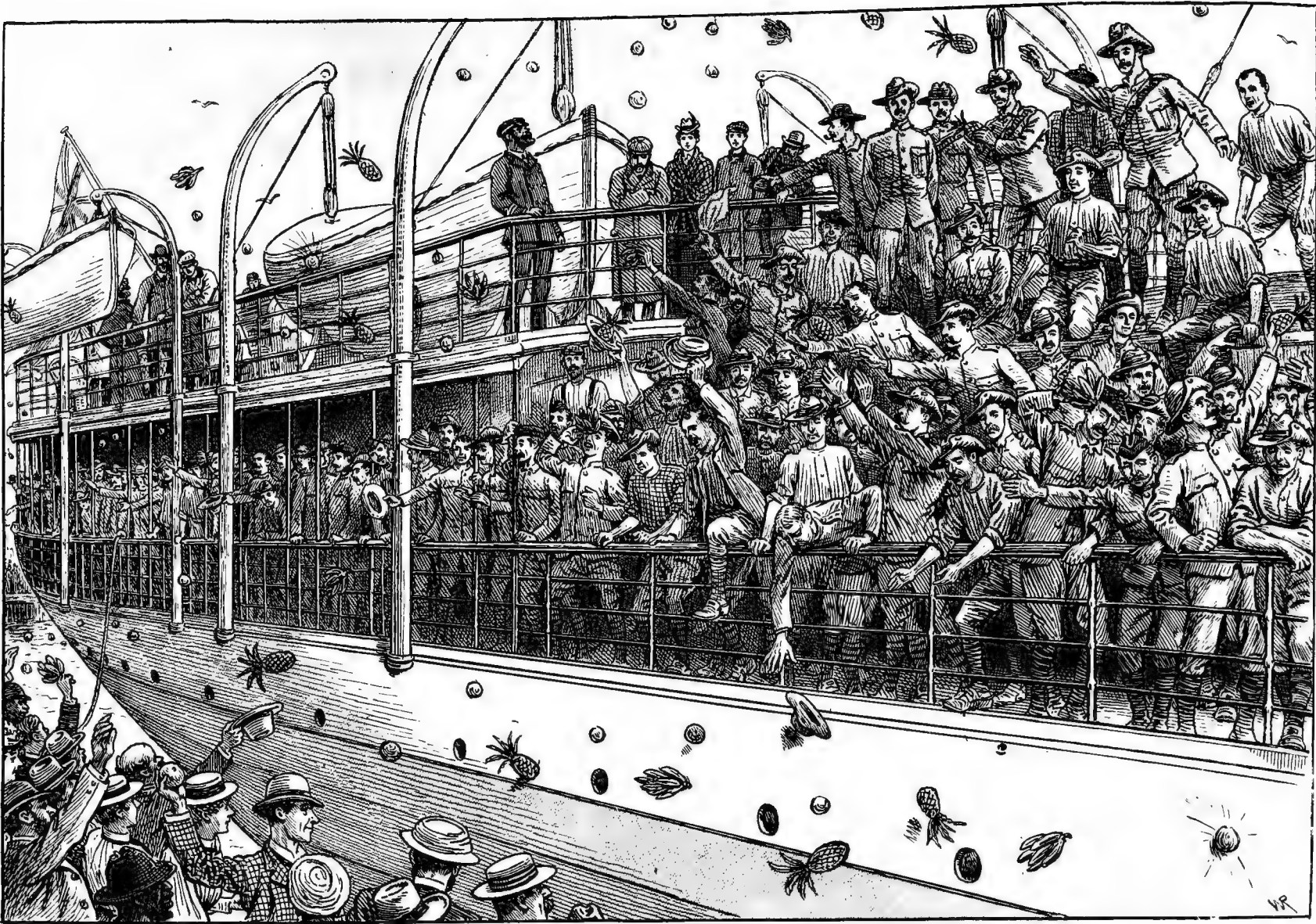
When Lord Roberts made his official entry into Kroonstad there was a very impressive ceremony. The Field-Marshal, with a bodyguard of Colonials and his Staff, rode in at the head of General Fole-Carew's Division. They took their stand in the Market Square, and the

whole of the infantry and artillery filed past. As Lord Roberts took up his position the Union Jack floated out over the Court-house, and the assembled crowd cheered vociferously. The Dutch stood aloof, much impressed by the spectacle of so many troops. The infantry had

marched seventeen miles, yet the Guards went swinging past in full style to the accompaniment of the drums and fifes, proud of this fulfilment of Lord Roberts's promise, made after the entry into Bloemfontein, to march at their head into the next capital he occupied

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK

THE GUARDS MARCHING PAST LORD ROBERTS ON HIS ENTRY INTO KROONSTAD



DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

FROM A SKETCH BY H. MCCORMICK

On the departure of the Imperial Light Horse from Durban the crowd good-humouredly brought out the coolie hawkers' baskets of fruits and pelted the men with bananas, pineapples, and oranges

A HARMLESS BOMBARDMENT: A SCENE AT DURBAN



DRAWN BY S. A. H. ROBINSON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

The Convent at Mafeking was repeatedly shelled by the Boers in spite of the Red Cross flag that floated over its roof. As General Baden-Powell's remonstrances to the Boer Commandant were unheeded, he withdrew the flag and used the wrecked building for offensive and defensive purposes, handing it over to the Cape Police

THE CONVENT AT MAFEKING, WRECKED BY BOER SHELLS



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

At the Naval Hospital, Haslar, are some of the men of the Naval Brigade who were wounded at Graspan, blucjackets and marines.

As soon as they are convalescent they are brought before a board of medical officers of the Navy, who either declare them fit to return to duty, or invalid them out of the service.

FROM A SKETCH BY A. GASCOIGNE WILDEY, R.N.

"UNFIT FOR FURTHER SERVICE": AN EXAMINATION AT THE NAVAL HOSPITAL, HASLAR



Meenie (Miss Lettice Fairfax) Derrick (Mr. Gerald Lawrence) Rip Van Winkle (Mr. Beerbohm Tree) Rip's Wife (Miss Lily Hanbury)

One of the most effective scenes in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's clever rendering of *Rip Van Winkle* occurs when the hero awakens after his twenty years' sleep on the Catskill Mountains. Time has frosted his beard, he is in rags, and he drags himself to his former home to find himself in a place that has grown out of all recollection, and that does not remember him. One new point in this production is that Mr. Tree makes Rip refuse to drink with the innkeeper because he has "schworn off liquor." Our photograph, which shows this incident, is by the British Mutoscope and Biograph Company, Limited.

"RIP VAN WINKLE" AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE: RIP RETURNS FROM THE MOUNTAINS

Miss Janette Steer at the Comedy

By W. MOY THOMAS

THE new bill at the COMEDY Theatre, now under the management of Miss Janette Steer, furnishes decidedly better entertainment than *Kenyon's Widow*, which, after a brief but sufficient trial, has fallen into the limbo of pieces that have failed to attract. Mr. Gilbert's *Pygmalion and Galatea* and *Tragedy and Comedy*, which now occupy its place, are plays of established reputation, though, if I mistake not, neither has been seen on the London stage since Miss Mary Anderson's appearance at the LYCEUM fifteen years ago, unless we except a matinée performance of *Comedy and Tragedy*, given by Miss Julia Neilson a few years later. Mr. Gilbert's "mythological comedy" has been said to have "lost the gloss of novelty," as no doubt it has, and the dreadful word "old fashioned" has been applied to it; but the author's attempt to treat a mythological legend in a vein of comedy that does not forbid occasional touches of tenderness and pathos was regarded by the critics of 1871 as a very bold as well as a very successful experiment upon the tastes of audiences, and that *Pygmalion and Galatea* has lost nothing of its power to please was sufficiently shown by the cordial reception which it met with at the hands of the first-night audience at the COMEDY Theatre. Miss Janette Steer, it is true, has not the brilliant touch, the subtle charm, or the peculiar gift for giving point to witty lines which distinguish Mrs. Kendal's impersonation; but she has statuesque grace in alliance with abundant spirit, and she has evidently devoted to the part of the animated statue a very careful

study. She has, moreover, gathered about her an excellent company. From the innocent *naïvetés* and the unconscious humour of *Galatea* to the strong passion of *Clarice* is a great change, and the actress who could play both these parts in a way that would satisfy the spectator's ideal would give evidence not merely of power but of remarkable versatility. In the scene in which the French actress endeavours to hide her emotions from her guests, by giving a recital in verse, while her loving husband is fighting on the terrace without a mortal duel with her persistent persecutor, the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, Miss Steer, like her predecessors, falls something short of the tragic intensity of the situation; but in this climax of the little drama she is nevertheless able to excite and interest her audience in no slight degree.

Into the programme of the Hippodrome *Siberia*, a spectacular play in three thrilling scenes, has now been introduced. The chief characters are a Russian General, his sister, and a certain young officer who loves this sister, and as an indirect consequence is sent to Siberia. An escape is planned as the hero with a gang of other unfortunates are winding their way over snow-clad steppes preparatory to crossing a river. The arena has been filled with water; a scattering rabble of Siberian fugitives and Cossacks plunge into it, and very exciting is the scene as pursued and pursuers race down to the river bank, some on foot, some on horses, and plunge in and swim to the opposite side to continue the chase. The excitement culminates when a three-horsed sleigh dashes furiously down the incline, and leaps into the turbid torrent. Nothing more ingenious or startling is to be seen in London than this scene, which raises the excitement of the audience to fever heat.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

It has been a disappointment, both to the officials and to public, to find that the capture of Pretoria is not the end of war. There is one section of the official world which is especially anxious that hostilities should terminate at once, as every added to the war interferes with the plans which have been formed to welcome the victorious troops on their return to London. Time is precious. It will take fully three weeks to re-embark the troops on the transports which are waiting for them in South African waters, and three weeks more to convey them to England. It brings us to the closing days of July, and a pageant in London, August or September would have much to contend against.

It has been decided that the City shall make the most of the City Imperial Volunteers on their return, and that is as it should for they tendered their services at great inconvenience to themselves and with heroic patriotism. The Lord Mayor will give a banquet and ball in their honour at the Guildhall, at which most members of the Royal family will probably be present. It may be urged, however, again that a suitable monument should be erected in the heart of the City to perpetuate the names of the members of the corps who lost their lives in the course of the war.

What is to be done for the Colonial Volunteers is one of the difficulties which the authorities have to contend with. Knight-hoods are more unmanageable property in the Colonies than they are in the Mother Country, and it is only recently that several distinguished Australians have refused to accept the honour on that account. Another channel of reward is to confer an appointment on the man who has distinguished himself. Few, if any, of those who form the Colonial contingent would accept such appointments as the authorities have at their disposal. It is feared that, beyond receiving honorary commissions in the Army, the Colonials will have to go almost unrewarded except by earning the esteem of their fellow-colonists.

Probably honorary A.D.C.'s to the Queen may be conferred on a few of the leading men of the Colonial contingents, and that would certainly be prized by them. There may be difficulties in the way of giving effect to such a proposal, but many contend that a regiment of Colonial Guards should be added to the present regiments of the Guards. They need not be actually embodied, but many would consider it an honour to belong to such a regiment.



The Gold Cup is in the Sixteenth Century German Renaissance style, decorated on the bowl with floriated ornament in low relief, and surrounded by four seated Satyrs. The cup is of solid gold, and was manufactured by Messrs. R. and S. Garrard and Co., Haymarket, S.W., Goldsmiths to the Crown.

THE GOLD CUP



The Gold Vase, which is the gift of Her Majesty, is in the form of an oval jardinière, in Queen Anne style. It has scroll handles and feet, a finely chased bas-relief of an Italian Horse Race on one side, and the Royal Arms and Supporters, with Rose, Shamrock and Thistle on the reverse. It was manufactured by Messrs. R. and S. Garrard and Co., Goldsmiths to the Crown.

THE QUEEN'S GOLD VASE
ROYAL ASCOT, 1900



A PRINCESS, A PHYSICIAN, A POLITICIAN AND A POLICEMAN

TAKING passage by the *Taviuni*, a smart little steamer plying among the Coral Islands, we awoke one breathlessly hot March morning to find that we had reached Nukaulofa, in the Tonga or Friendly Group. Nukaulofa is a place of much importance. His Tongan Majesty resides there, and at the head of the pier stand the Military Barracks, which accommodate an army of quite twenty warriors. On the wharf—which, with its grassy top and fern-clad sides, looks exactly like a country road that has stepped inadvertently into the sea—certain notabilities awaited our arrival. One was a Royal Princess, whose portly form sported a single



KINDNESS TO THE STRANGER

cotton garment of bright pink, dotted with yet brighter crimson spots. Her short, curly hair was dyed golden with coral lime, and she carried a magenta sunshade. The Doctor, whom the natives venerate as a worker of miracles, attended to give us a clean bill of health. Near him stood the proud possessor of an aged north country overcoat, which even the extreme temperature—it was the height of the hurricane season, and the hottest time of the year—could not prevent his flaunting before his more meagrely equipped fellows. There was also a policeman clad in the regulation uniform of a coat and a loin-cloth.



DECK PASSENGERS

MEMO: OF A ROUND: ABOUT TOUR.

BY
MARY STUART BOYD
AND A. S. BOYD

V.—PEACE AND
WAR
IN THE
PACIFIC.

At noon we were lunching by an ancient outrigger canoe drawn up under the coconut palms fringing the beach, when a lightly clad and extremely plain old lady, attended by a black pig, appeared, and, uninvited, joined our party. After silently sharing our meal she departed, to return speedily, bringing

a fresh coconut as a return gift.

At Hapaai, an island distant by a night's journey, we watched two women making the bark cloth, the native *tapa*. The bark of the paper mulberry, after soaking, is beaten thin with grooved



THE MAKING OF TAPA

mallets, the pieces being then beaten together to the required size and then ornamented in rude designs with vegetable dyes. So universal is this industry that the *tap-tap* of the *tapa* mallets, mingling with the moan of the surf on the reefs, seems the typical sound of the Coral Islands. While the women worked, their matutinal meal, a stew of plantains, was cooking in a kerosene tin placed over a fire of coconut husks. In the Coral Islands a kerosene tin plays many parts. Among other things it can be a portmanteau, a well-bucket, or a wicket in the game of cricket, as occasion demands.

After leaving Nukaulofa the deck of the *Taviuni* was crowded with native passengers, most of whom were on their way to Vavau, where, on the arrival of the steamer, a great wedding feast was to be held. The women and children camped under the awning over the hatchway, while the men huddled together round the engine-house. Their luggage, consisting of endless bales of grass sleeping-mats, or rolls of *tapa*, wooden pillows, palm-leaf kits of boiled yams, oranges, coconuts, bananas, bundles of sugar-cane, and roots of *kava*, was piled in every available inch of space. When night drew on they spread the grass mats on the deck, laid their heads on the wooden rests, and, heedless of onlookers, fell placidly asleep.

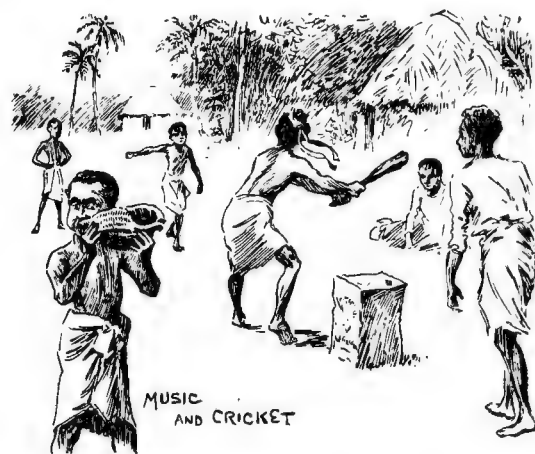
On the wedding morn the smoke of many wood fires, hanging in blue mist among the palm trees, showed that vast preparations for the feast were in progress.

Taime, a female chief, had invited us to view the marriage ceremony from her house. In Polynesia, the most honoured position for a guest on such an occasion is just within the doorway of a chief; and on arrival we found that the gracious Taime had caused her



A WEDDING MARCH

only seat, a church pew, to be placed across the threshold, in readiness for our occupation. All around on the grass, under the heavily laden orange trees, the guests were seated, flower-crowned singing girls on one side, white-robed chiefs on the other; while the general public grouped themselves as best suited them, reserving the entire centre of the lawn for the chief actors. To the sound of distant chanting the bridal procession came in sight, the bride and bridegroom leading, escorted by three elderly dames, two of whom supported the bridegroom's flowing train of *tapa*, and followed by a numerous company; while behind came a succession of young men, each two bearing between them long poles from which suspended large open palm-leaf baskets holding the pigs



MUSIC AND CRICKET

roasted whole, and other viands designed to furnish forth the wedding breakfast.

Tongan etiquette requires that the contracting couple exhibit their trousseaux on their persons. On this occasion they must have been a specially wealthy pair, for both were so ensnathed in endless mats of *tapa*, and of grass cloth, that both had difficulty in walking, and the bride's body was so girdled that she was forced to retain her arms in a horizontal position. Viewed apart from the evident discomfort meekly enough borne by the principal pair, the scene was idyllic; abounding in beauty and colour, but not to be described within the limits of a few lines. We shared the



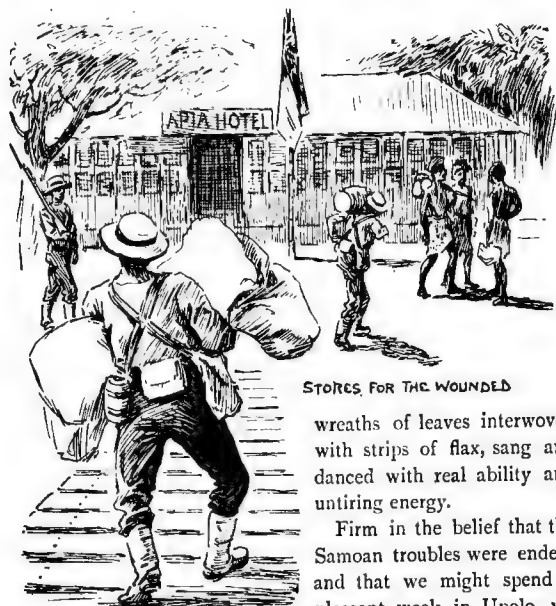
A VARIETY ARTISTE



THE TIVOLI - APIA

wedding-feast, eating pork and yams with Nature's knives and forks, then bade farewell to the hospitable Taime, and re-embarked.

Nightfall saw us well on our way Samoa-wards; while, for the delectation of her fellow-passengers, a dusky maid, clad mainly in



STORES FOR THE WOUNDED

wreaths of leaves interwoven with strips of flax, sang and danced with real ability and untiring energy.

Firm in the belief that the Samoan troubles were ended, and that we might spend a pleasant week in Upolo, we sailed into Apia Harbour at daybreak one morning to martial music. The air was turbid with the smoke of gunpowder, and the hills reverberated to the thunder of the cannon. On the preceding afternoon the bom-



LABOUR BOYS FROM THE SOLOMON ISLES

ardment had begun, and, for the first time in history, British and Americans warred on the same side.

Residence on land was forbidden, and, indeed, impossible, for of the three hotels one was occupied by American troops, and the two

others were closed. The largest hotel, the Tivoli, had been attacked by the enemy; its windows were shattered and its verandah blood-stained. The Court of Justice had been turned into a hospital for the wounded, necessities, such as bedding and water, being sent on



A FIRE-BRINGER AND A FISHING PARTY

shore from the men-of-war. All the ships in the harbour were crowded with refugees, most of them being half-caste women and children, whose bright-hued raiment gave the vessels the appearance of pleasure boats; while the British warships *Porpoise* and *Royalist* displayed novel bunting in the form of children's clothing hung up to dry. The alarm was widespread. Nightly the ebon labour boys, natives of the Solomon Islands, who were shipped to Samoa to work like slaves for a term of years in the plantations, crowded into their barges and rowed out to the lee of some merchant sloop, where they lay till morning, cramped in limb, and often drenched with heavy rains, but safe from the enemy.

When, at the expiry of two days, the *Taviani* left Apia, by the courteous permission of Rear-Admiral Kantz, the few travellers who awaited the arrival of the American mail steamer *Mariposa* were received on board the *Philadelphia* and allotted the cabins vacated by the officers then serving on land. The commander of the *Philadelphia* had to listen to many amusing applications for sanctuary, among them one from a full-blood negro, whose plea for a haven was: "I'm American citizen, sah! From Boston, sah!"

One afternoon a wealthy elderly planter visited the warship to give valuable information regarding the whereabouts of the rebels,



REFUGEES

who had taken possession of his house. He requested, and promptly received, permission to bring his wife and family on board for protection. A little later he returned heading a procession comprising a native wife, gorgeous in a bright purple robe, and many pink feathers, five whitey-brown children, two nieces, a Samoan servant, and much miscellaneous luggage in the form of bales of sleeping-mats, and bundles tied up in tablecloths. This invasion was considerably more than the authorities had bargained for, but only for a moment were they nonplussed. Then quarters forward were assigned the tribe, and we saw them no more.

Every few yards along the beach-road sentries were stationed with rigid orders to stop anyone not provided with a pass; a regulation which gave rise to many amusing scenes between the bluejackets and the Samoan coquettes.

During our visits on shore, the friendly natives impressed us as regarding the war as a pleasant little entertainment got up

for their amusement. The warriors bound their heads with scarlet, hung garlands of foliage and flowers round their necks and ankles, armed themselves with muskets, hand knives, and every other available weapon, and, accompanied by flower-bedecked damsels, went light-heartedly forth to forage or to fight; while, in the shallow waters of the reef, beside the densely peopled village on Mulinu'u Point, canoeing, fishing and frolicking went on gaily, though shells might be flying overhead and the echoes awaking to a volley of musketry.

The *Mariposa* released us from our durance, and we left as we had found it, the air heavy with gunpowder smoke, the roar of cannon—fired in honour of the arrival of H.M.S. *Tauranga*—reverberating among its mountains.

Myriads of dragon flies—blue, green, golden, and scarlet—were flashing in the sunshine, when, after a turbulent little voyage, we landed at Honolulu, and drove along a district that recently was waste ground, but now, thanks to the untiring industry of the Chinaman, is luxuriant with rice fields, banana plantations, market gardens. The Chinaman's soul seems lounded by his work. He has no craving for notoriety. We laughed to see one precipitately at the appearance of the hand camera of a passer-by and hide himself in a shed till the danger was over.

A little further on a Kanaka funeral passed us, but so slowly were the horses, the hearse and the mourners decorated that to our



THE UNWILLING SUBJECT



A HAWAIIAN FUNERAL

eyes it seemed to have much of the gaiety of a triumphal procession. A graceful Hawaiian custom is to load departing friends with thick floral ruffles made of threaded blooms of carnations and manner of fragrant blossoms. The effect is generally becoming though the sight of prosaic folks entwined and wreathed with the tributes is occasionally ludicrous, and the circumstance under which they are bestowed too frequently renders the pleasure a fleeting one. Ten minutes after starting apprehensive faces looked out of the encircling flowers and anxious voices asked, "Does this ship go much?"



FLORAL FAREWELLS AT HONOLULU



THE BELLE AND THE BELLIGERENT

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CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. Illustrated by C. E. and H. M. BROCK

CHAPTER XIV.—(continued)

WARBURTON made no reply, and the baronet left the room with an unexpected movement. At once the girl took a step to the door. "Have something to tell me?" she asked eagerly, yet hesitatingly. Warburton did not speak for a moment, and then, "No, madam, not," he said simply. His expression changed on the instant; her faint and delicate face set upon him mournfully as a child whose mouth puckers in pain. "I have been wounded," she said softly; "I knew it was

She raised her arms in angry petulance. "La, would you treat me like a child? 'Tis the second time you have done this. You attempted to keep me from Marlock, and now you would send me away. Perchance you would work through my guardian again," she ended sneering.

"'Twas what was in my mind," observed Warburton coolly.

She eyed him askance, and her fit of anger dropped swiftly from him; he knew her to have no courage against him.

"Why would you have me gone?" she asked sullenly.

"Why, you said just now you detest the country, and you were best with Sir George pirouetting in town."

"'Twould not be town," she answered with a shrug of her shoulders. "He would go to Mildwick, an abominable dull house."



"Pushing the door open, he entered, holding the candle above his head, and Tremayne, who was in bed, started up in terror. 'Sir, sir,' he stammered, 'is it anything you want, sir?'"



"'Indeed,' she said, her voice tremulous with fury, as she held herself against the mantel. 'Indeed, you are soon and easily converted'"

"Hold your tongue," he thundered, and she saw him for the first time hot with passion. He trembled—and she whimpered.

"Madam," says he, after a pause and very quietly, "I have no command over you, nor any authority to stop or direct your actions. Speak on, therefore, and pray excuse me that I interposed so roughly. But you shall not speak it out to me, if you speak it to any," and turning with a bow he made quickly for the door. But ere he could reach it she was between it and him, with a new, beseeching look.

that. How dreadful! Those terrible people! Tell me, what did they do with you? What have you done with them?"

Warburton showed nothing of his impatience upon his features nor in his voice. "I assure you, madam, he said, "that 'twas an accident—a foolish accident. Nothing has happened, and the Carmichaels, for all I know, still inhabit their island."

Dorothy turned her face away and heaved a sigh. "Ah, I am glad you are not harmed," she said with some emotion. "I was afraid when I saw you there that death was in your mind. You looked murderous, Mr. Warburton—so violent, ah, so ferocious, I justly so. I feared for you with those cruel men and that vicious woman. I feared for you." She shuddered.

Warburton heard without an expression on his face; it bore no sign of feeling; not even the hostile reference to Chloris moved him from his aspect of placidity.

"You have too spirited a fancy, madam," he said shortly.

"'Twould be well if you should curb it."

She raised her hands with a gesture of helplessness. "Maybe so, but in truth I cannot. I have too much upon my heart. And it is not you, Mr. Warburton, that should reproach me with my sentiments, you who was a friend of one I loved."

"Truth, ma'am, I reproach you not," answered Warburton readily. "But you set out to overjump yourself. I was upon the island, and now I am here. You are all dreads and flutters, like a town-bred miss, not of the country fields and moors."

"I vow I detest the country moors," she says with petulant spirit.

Warburton opened his eyes at this small outbreak, but she recovered herself, and went on with the pleading gentleness to which she was accustomed. "I am not mistress of myself when I think of some things, Mr. Warburton, and you must give me credit for that. I burn when I consider that horrid house. Will you not take me in your confidence, and tell me how you will punish them? You have promised to take vengeance, and you are not of the kind that breaks a vow. These Carmichaels—"

Here he broke in roughly. "I am not come here to speak to you of the Carmichaels," he said imperatively; "it will do no good to chatter about them. What has been has been, and what shall be shall be."

"What!" she cried in angry amaze, "will you not go forward? Have you surrendered? Is the duty to fall upon me alone?"

"Cease, cease, child," he answered sharply; "there is a time for all things, and I am here for something further."

"What is that?" she asked, cowed by his manner.

He fixed his clear and merciless gaze upon her. "This air does not agree with you, I think, madam," he observed coldly. "You take no good from these sea coasts. You were better away."

"Well, you do not call this gay?" said Warburton whimsically.

"Ah," she answered laughingly, "I have my duty here; I have what occupies my life."

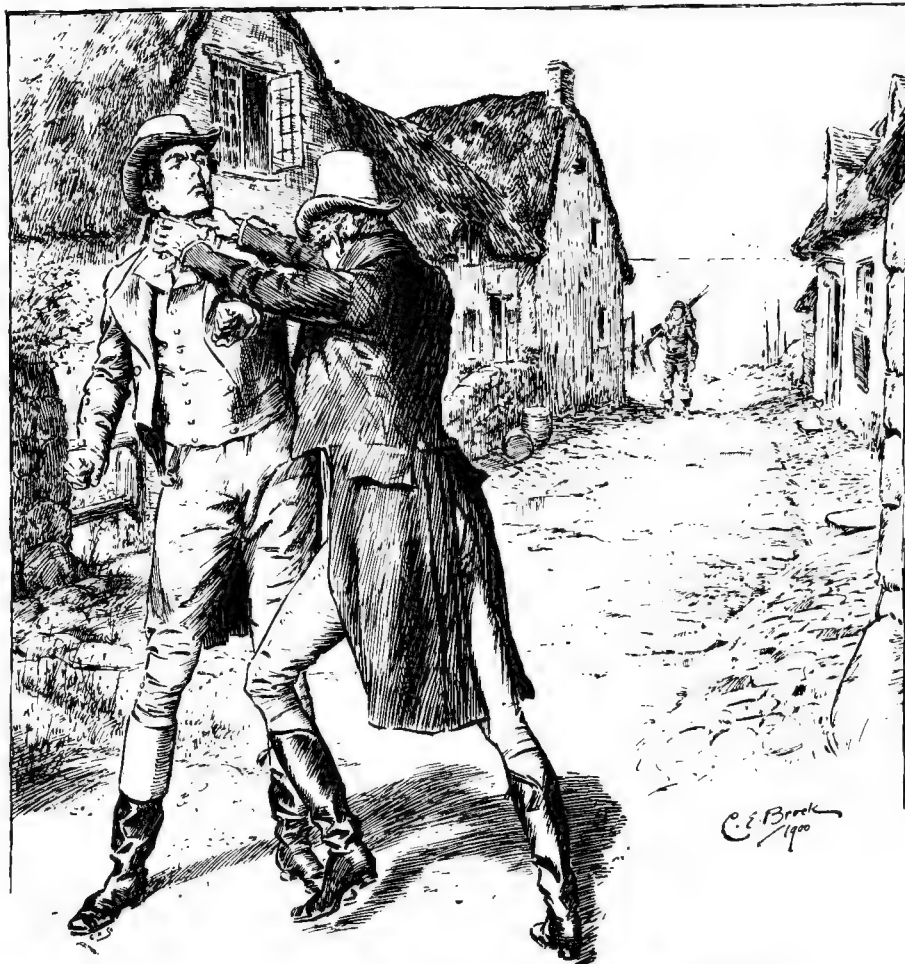
He looked at her again with wonder, for he was puzzled by her changes, and her irreconcilable emotions. Of one thing he was certain—that he did not like her, handsome as she was; and below all an unpleasant suspicion rose and grew that he was being deceived and played upon. The idea bewildered him and made him disagreeably angry, so that he spoke rudely.

"Then you must do your own work," said he; "I will be no party to it."

She turned white. "Indeed," she said, her voice tremulous with fury, as she held herself against the mantel. "Indeed, you are soon and easily converted, and 'tis clear by what parson."

"You shall hold your tongue, silly," he interrupted.

"I will not, I will not," she cried hysterical. "I have been played with and browbeaten enough. You are no less than a bully, sir. Oh! 'tis plain what has diverted you, and I would think shame of it. 'Tis those flying petticoats," she said, laughing in her anger. "'Twas a fine picture, indeed."



"Philip sprang at him suddenly, laying his hands about Warburton's neck"

"Forgive me," she begged, "I am beside myself. You are most generous and kind. I would not bring upon me your just anger."

"Nay, Miss Holt," he said, "I have nothing to forgive; you have a rash tongue, that bolts like a madcap mare, but I bear you no ill-will. 'Tis the privilege of your sex."

He bowed again and went forth; and the eyes of Dorothy Holt followed him sparkling and flashing. She bit her lips and frowned in the impotence of her rage and her humiliation.

But Warburton walked down the lane under the influence of no less anger. This girl had affected him most unpleasantly, and he had said what he had no intention of saying when he entered the house, and had done what he had never thought to have done. Apparently, as he reviewed the scene in his mind, he had washed his hands of the venal, and withdrawn from his loose partnership with Miss Holt. He stood now at a wholesome distance from the plot, and might even be safe and—*with Chloris*. There was the thought that set him aflame of a sudden, rising like an incendiary in his heart, and so agreeably did this prospect seize him that he felt at once the reaction of doubt. Was it right and well that he should have done what he had done? And had he not been moved to his action by the influences of that magic beauty? He who had never questioned himself now bemused himself with wonder, and saw vaguely and with dismay that he hung in the balance between desire and duty. As he crossed the sandhills towards Marlock he was aware of a mutter of sound in the waste about him—a mutter in that dead, still night. Immediately upon that he staggered, recovered himself from the blow, and was grappling his assailant with his iron hands.

The man was tall and sinewy, but he swung like a rod in the wind under Warburton's arms, and laboured in his throat.

"Strike, strike," he said in his French tongue; and thus acquainted with the news of another enemy, Warburton lifted the foreigner with a huge sweep of his arms and flung him with a crack upon the ground. He rolled over sharply, ceased, and lay still, and there was silence upon the dunes, save for the dull noise of feet that ran into the distance. Warburton stooped for his assailant, who moved not, his head thrust horribly aside, at dreadful ease, his neck snapped like a twig.

"Dead," says he, and coolly pulled forth the watch from the fob, examining it under the faint stars, for here it was that the knife had struck and sent him reeling. "Eleven o'clock," says he; "it has stopped then. I will remember it against the Carmichaels. 'Tis an hour that shall mean much for them, for so shall the hands remain until I have done with 'em."

He left the body where it lay, and leisurely resumed his journey to the Three Feathers. Here he drank a nightcap and sat in thought until, taken by a new idea, he rose, and tried the door of the inn. It was closed and barred.

"Good," said he to himself, "yet if I know them they will not give up on this attempt. This house is not safe for me, yet it shall be safe to-night." So saying he went upstairs, and found the room in which he had heard that Tremayne, the innkeeper, slept. Pushing the door open, he entered, holding his candle above his head, and Tremayne, who was in bed, started up in terror.

"Sir, sir," he stammered, "is it anything you want, sir?"

"Yes," said Warburton bluntly, throwing the flare upon the wretched man, "you are to come with me."

Too deeply shaken by his fears to dispute this imperious order, Tremayne put on his clothes, and presently was being conducted about the house.

"Bar all the doors and the windows," commanded Warburton, "and see you bar them well. I will not have you a piece with that murderous rabble that seeks my death."

"You do not believe that, sir?" stammered the innkeeper, pale as a corpse. "You surely don't think that of me! I swear to God that I am ignorant—"

"Pish! Take not God's name on your coward's lips," interrupted the other contemptuously. "I declare I would sooner respect Nicholas Carmichael than this craven."

"Sir, if Mr. Carmichael has any design against you, I know nothing of it," protested the poor creature. "I keep to my business, and—"

"That is what I desire you to do, and will see that you do," said Warburton slowly. "I will not have spies upon me. You carry news of me to Lynsea. I know you for a go-between, and I tell you this, Mr. Tremayne, that your neck is in peril. It needs only that I give the word and the noose is tightened."

"For God's sake, sir—" began the innkeeper, and was silenced by a gesture.

"Give me the keys," demanded Warburton. He took the jangling bunch, and "now you shall sleep with what spirit you may," he added, and, marching the man back into his room, closed and locked the door behind him. Then he went to bed and slept untroubled.

CHAPTER XV.

PHILIP CARMICHAEL DRINKS

THE affair of the French assassin could not be long kept secret, nor was Warburton the man to favour secrecy. On the contrary he was resolved himself to give information, which he laid the next day before a magistrate, and which included a brief and ready account of his adventure. There was naturally no suspicion cast upon his story, nor did anyone suppose for a moment that he held some news in reserve, namely the cause and origin of this attempt upon him. It was a perplexity to Warburton why he did not simultaneously make a breast of it and reveal the whole sordid plot, thereby at once avenging himself and his friend and placing himself under the protection of the law. But he did not; his lips were silent on this subject; and with grim complacency he dwelt upon the fears which this interview of his must arouse in the Carmichaels. How much longer would he endure them, and permit them to suffer the tortures of an expected vengeance? He did not know, yet, said he, "their hour shall strike! I have sworn it shall strike; and in the meantime let them keep vigil against it."

Whether the news of the Frenchman's death had reached Lynsea he was not aware; but certainly one of the Carmichaels was not keeping vigil, nor even displaying any uneasiness as to the future. On his return to the inn, Warburton discovered Philip engaged in the very agreeable office of drinking hard with that hard drinker,

Lieutenant Gellibrand. He did not like the association, but showed nothing of this feeling upon his face, coolly nodding to the younger Carmichael, and gravely saluting his friend. Philip Carmichael was far gone in liquor, but kept his head and his humour wonderfully; and as for the lieutenant the wine had made him boastful, according to its custom.

"I see, sir, you have made the Carmichaels' acquaintance already," he said with an ironical intention.

"True, Mr. Warburton, you see us together like a pair of cooing doves," said Gellibrand gaily. "Mr. Carmichael did me the honour to call this morning on my boat—a narrow-chested, sweltering mousetrap, not fit for a gentleman's reception. Hence you see us here, where I came by your kind introduction yesterday."

"Aye," says Philip, with an impudent wink at Warburton, "and, drinking of good stuff too."

Wonder, and some admiration for the fellow's cool rascality dawned in Warburton's mind, for there he lolled, who was one of a family banded to kill him, who was himself, no doubt, privy to the plot, and above all who was aware that the man he mocked and goaded so had in his hands the reins of life and death for all that blood. Warburton stared on him and sat down before the table.

"That is right," said Gellibrand heartily, "fill your glass, Mr. Warburton. 'Tis good stuff indeed, though you hinted at strange sources yesterday. But what care I? We are drinking now, and I'll give you a toast. Here's to the King, God bless him; and to h—ll with Boney!"

Warburton watched Philip Carmichael, who tossed off his bumper recklessly, echoing the words, "The King, God bless him, and to h—ll with Boney!"

He smiled to himself, recognising what finished hypocrites were these people who would feign so heartily, even with the knowledge that he held their secret. Philip turned to him amiably.

"I have been promising the lieutenant a happy holiday," said he engagingly. "He is here to hunt the Free-traders, as you know, sir. Well, I have assured him of a fight. He wants a fight," said Philip, wagging his head foolishly, "and, by God, he shall get it."

"'Twill be enlivening in this dull place," said Gellibrand complacently. "I ask your pardon, gentlemen, but there cannot be more like you. I shall do myself the pleasure to call upon Sir Stephen to-morrow, to-morrow at the very latest," says he. "It may be that between you you can set me on a scent for these fellows, damn 'em."

"We will do that, Mr. Warburton, eh?" laughed Philip. "Gad, lieutenant, you shall have your stomach full of swords and pistols, which shall give you the ache there. Perish me, this is a wild and fearless coast, and none here fears a King's man."

"Unless it be our host, said Warburton. "But I think you are too hot, Mr. Carmichael. You speak too bravely of these smugglers. They are, I doubt not, a savage people, but they may be bended and broken very readily. It is to get at 'em that's the trouble."

As he spoke he looked fixedly at the young man, who scowled and then laughed.

"Aye, they say there's no traitors among the Free-traders," he went on. "To find 'em out's the difficulty. And if anyone had the knowledge of their secrets, it is said that it would go hard with him. Damme, I believe they would not hesitate about him."

"That is what I have heard," says Warburton, "and I believe my gossip. But come, lieutenant, you are mightily concerned in this coast now. I will show you a sight that should interest you, and Mr. Carmichael too, though he is no stranger."

He rose and Gellibrand also rose, protesting that it was early to break up a pleasant company; yet both followed him eventually, and passing down the village came to a house that stood on the margin of the sands.

"I have here a surprise for you, sirs, and a puzzle," said Warburton, with his hand on the door; and he flung it open, disclosing a dead body stretched upon a table. Gellibrand stared in bewilderment, but Philip Carmichael started, fell back and then approached to gaze into the foreign features.

"How came this here?" he asked presently, with a look of suspicion at Warburton.

"Why he was picked up dead," said he. "But he does not appear to be of these parts. He has an ugly black look."

"'Tis a Johnny Crap," put in Gellibrand. "I know the breed well."

"What, isn't a Frenchman?" asked Warburton with surprise in his voice.

"Aye for sure," said Gellibrand confidently. "I have sent many of 'em to Satan, and I should know."

"Well," says Warburton looking at Carmichael, "'tis a puzzle indeed how comes this fellow here in Marlock. What do you make of it?"

"Make of it? By Heaven, 'tis plain as a pistol," broke out the lieutenant. "He is one of the gang of which we spoke. We are close on the scent."

"Put your nose to it; put your nose to it," said Philip laughing tipsily.

"I need no reminder, sir," answered Gellibrand scornfully. "I am here to do my duty, and I will do it, drunk or sober." He stopped in his scrutiny of the corpse with an exclamation and an oath, "Why, the man's neck is broken."

"An ugly death," commented Warburton indifferently. "A fall from a cliff," said Philip eyeing him.

"Maybe, maybe. Yet such a man as this might have been chosen for an instrument by those Free-traders; he might have struck at that man you spoke of and have failed. Yet, of course, this was not so, Mr. Gellibrand. You can see he is a foreign thief. The body was found in the dunes, and 'twas I that killed him."

"You," cried Gellibrand.

"Why not?" says he coolly.

"Gad, why not, why not? That is true," said the lieutenant. "He is a gallow's-bird. Well, I should ha' hanged him anyway."

Philip Carmichael looked exceedingly troubled for all the wine he carried; he had reached a point in soberness at which he lost recklessness and began to be alarmed, the more, indeed, that his brain did not follow very alertly. Gellibrand turned away, offering excuses, for he was now suddenly inflamed with the duty of making inquiries, and Warburton and Philip Carmichael were left together by the corpse.

"Were you attacked by this man?" asked the latter quickly.

Warburton nodded. "Last night?" pursued Philip. "Again the other nodded. "At the hour of eleven," he said shortly.

Philip shrugged his shoulders and went out by the door, but in the village street he was overtaken by Warburton.

"Mr. Carmichael, as we are met this way it would be foolish of us to part without speaking plainer. You guessed my meaning yonder?"

"You threatened us Carmichaels," said Philip sneering.

"There are too many threats in the air," said Warburton calmly. "I am threatening nobody. But you have enemies, and this accident will make Gellibrand one of them. You cannot afford to provoke more."

"I do not see what the devil it has to do with you, sir," said Philip angrily. "Why do you not speak and be done with it? Use your knowledge, Mr. Warburton. I'll be damned if I care. You have no proof save your word."

"What!" said Warburton. "Have they not told you?"

"I know you were caught in the caves, and escaped," said Philip sullenly. "What odds? Next time you see the caves they will be empty, and there is none in the country who will not go against you."

"Pshaw?" said Warburton. "I am not speaking of the Free-trade."

"Then what the deuce are you speaking of?" demanded Philip.

"Come, Mr. Carmichael; you must know it is a graver matter. But, perhaps, they have not told you that I know."

"Perhaps you will be good enough to inform me what the devil you do know," said Philip with rising anger.

"The game is up," said Warburton. "You stand about a foot under the gallows."

"Confound you, Mr. Warburton, will you not come to the point?" said Philip with something of his brother's savagery.

"You are a nest of traitors—you Carmichaels," said he with a sneer. "I have documents to prove it."

Philip Carmichael stared in sincere amazement, and swiftly Warburton realised his innocence. "I had thought you knew," he went on. "This Lynsea of yours harbours Bonaparte's powder and masks his preparations."

"It is a lie," said Philip.

Warburton shrugged his shoulders. "Faith, man, I have a letter from Bonaparte to your father in my pocket."

Philip sprang at him suddenly, laying his hands about Warburton's neck. The other threw him off.

"Would you throttle me, lubber?" he said. "No, you shall not have it. Must I break you as I did the Frenchman?"

Philip Carmichael fell away, breathing hardly, and the scarlet of his face faded into a terrible palor, while the glare of his eyes went out. He was struck in a moment an abject and pitiable creature.

"Before God I know nothing about it," he said miserably, "and I was to have taken a commission in the Army, my God!"

Warburton experienced a sensation of pity for him, but only asked curiously, "Does this news affect you? How are you involved if you are ignorant? You are a smuggler, but no more."

Philip flamed forth at him. "Damn you, keep your tongue quiet. They who ply words for their weapons are in danger to have steel from others."

"True," said Warburton, nodding towards the house in which the Frenchman lay.

"You will use this against us?" inquired Philip in a surly tone and after a minute's silence.

"I have given you a piece of information," said he, "why should I give you another? Rest and be thankful where you stand."

Philip Carmichael suddenly broke into a laugh. "You have chosen a queer office," he said. "I wish you joy of it. It suits your insensate blood, egad. You may go to the devil your own way. I go mine."

He swaggered off with an arrogant carriage, his handsome face flushed, reckless, and defiant, and presently entered the tap-room of the Three Feathers, where he was respectfully welcomed by the company. The Carmichaels were feared and admired on that coast; they were understood privily to be the centre of the illicit trade, and none thought worse of them for that, not even the neighbouring gentry; while the common villagers held them in respect for their singular prowess in this business. Philip Carmichael stood drinking in this society for a considerable time. He had received an ugly blow, even for one so airy and indifferent as himself, and he returned to the interrupted bout with ruffled feelings. But soon the wine took its effect upon him, so that he reached again the point in tipsiness from which his encounter with Warburton had shaken him, and it was with a merry heart, and whistling a light catch, that he strolled forth of the inn and went down the road towards the sea.

A pretty apparition rose unexpectedly in his path, and he came to a pause in the middle of his lilt.

"Miss Holt, I declare," he said, gallantly saluting, while his face lighted up. "I protest, Miss Holt, that the sun has broke out of a sudden."

"La, I hope not," she said, laughing. "'Tis close as it is, and uncommon sultry. There will be thunder."

Philip Carmichael waved his arm vaguely at the ocean and the cliffs beyond, as though he would embrace land and sea in his authority. "No," said he decisively, "there shall not. I promise you. I will not have your handsome clothes wetted. You are like some fine lady of state, not like any of us rustics. Stay me, Miss Holt, but the sight of you makes me drop into town manners and mincing voices. I have a difficulty with my words, 'pon honour."

This was true enough, as Dorothy Holt saw at a glance, yet she was by no means offended; 'twas the habit to drink deeply, and moreover, there was a better chance to set this reckless fellow talking when he carried so much. Even the trace of mockery in his handsome face did not anger her, and she smiled prettily on him.

'Tis you that belong to towns and courts, Mr. Carmichael," she said, bridling, "You have a way. La, what keeps you to this empty spot?"

"I am kept here in chains, madam," says Philip, endeavouring to bring his legs together for a ceremonious bow. "I'll not speak of the divinity, but, Gad! I feel her; she draws me like the moon the sea-tides. Damme! 'tis a proper image—that; so she does."

"Then you had better persuade her to go to town, so that you drawn thither also," said Dorothy, laughing affectedly. "I am," said he, gravely, "will you go to town? I assure you this is the only place where you would receive your fit homage."

"Indeed," she answered, tossing her head. "But I am not on my guardian, who abominates London. He is tired of your lovely island."

"You shall come again, you shall come again," exclaimed Philip. "Indeed, may I? La, you are kind. It is handsome of you to wish a helpless girl. But I will ask Sir George, and he will party with Mr. Warburton, and we will take you by and by."

"I wish me, it must not be Warburton," said Philip, frowning.

"Mr. Warburton," he echoed, as if in a moment. "Why, said him a friend?"

"He was on the spot that day, and we were there. We left talking with Miss Warburton."

"His frown grew to a frown," said Philip. "Dammie! a lubber. He is no friend when he has no friend."

"He is no friend," said Philip. "He is not he. He is a deuced righteous."

"He is a deuced righteous," said Philip. "He is a quarrel with a quarrel!"

"La, not a quarrel!" said Philip, opening her eyes. "I pray you, do not quarrel. 'Tis for the dogs, and not for the men. There was a duel fought between Lord Goodwin and Captain Hale when I was in town. There was a spilled horribly, and my Lord Goodwin died of it. 'Twas shocking. Fie, no; never quarrel, Mr. Carmichael. There is none worth it, not even a woman."

"This is no woman," said Philip, fixing his admiring gaze on her. "Yet I can think of a woman to fight over. But, Lord, I don't know why we should fight. He is too stiff. I think he is a fool."

"Heavens, you relieve me," said she with a sensational sigh. "I feared 'twas on my mind you quarrelled. I saw you in the road some time since, and your voices were high. I think Providence it is not my poor self provoked it."

"I would it had been," said Philip, indignantly. "By this coquettish touch. 'He should have died to-morrow—I swear.'"

"Well, if 'twas not for you, on whom did I quarrel?" asked Philip, tossing her face lightly. "What beauty you honour so far?"

"Gad, did I not say so no woman," said Philip, with his bold look. "If 'twas you, 'twas none, but I swear it."

"Indeed, but I doubt she murmured. 'Fie, 'twas nothing but he threatened. I don't think that convince me.'"

"Threatened!" she said. "Indeed, that is for anyone to threaten a Carmichael. I had heard different of him," she languished at him.

"Gad, madam, so you have, and you are right. They who are the Carmichaels carry their lives insecurely. But this Mr. Warburton must have a care. He supposes he has the whip-hand of him. He has run his nose into a secret. He would take upon himself the office of Government and spy at once. Well, we shall see. If he has his nose off, and what value will his letter have then?"

"I don't know," said the girl swiftly, and Philip Carmichael's stupefied expression was dimly alarmed by her change of voice.

"What letter?" he asked vacantly. "I said nothing of a letter, but we shall lop his nose, I promise him. I dislike the man's lying. He has no concern with what does not concern him."

"Indeed, Mr. Carmichael, I assure you that you do him wrong," said Dorothy pleadingly. "I cannot believe that Mr. Warburton

would presume upon another. He is a gentleman, sir, of much esteem and good family, and I do believe his heart is sound and honest."

Philip stood grinning at her. "I would you stood my advocate, egad," he said admiringly.

"Indeed," she said flushing, with her lids downcast; "I do not wish anyone misinterpreted in this poor world. But I am late, and Sir George will be stamping. Adieu, Mr. Carmichael," and with a sweet and pitiful smile she bowed to the young man and passed on through the village.

Philip Carmichael continued his leisurely walk to the beach, there to pick up a boat for Lynsea; but Dorothy Holt went inland with quicker steps and a heightened pulse. The hysteria latent in her threatened to leap out in cackling laughter; her excitement was too sharp for continuance. She was alone, but she smiled joyously into the quiet copses and down the empty lanes. Every

contained, nor on what it bore, Dorothy Holt was confident that she could make use of it; and so, while Philip, all unaware of his indiscretions, was whistling indifferently on his way to the island with the tiller in his hand, she was smiling and glowing with her thoughts under the brow of the moor.

(To be continued)

The Naval Annual for 1900*

THE new issue of the *Naval Annual* is fully up to the standard of its predecessors, though we miss the article on a foreign navy which has year by year been a feature of late. In 1899 we had the United States Navy, in 1898 the Russian Navy, in 1897 the

German, and in 1896 the French and Italian, treated in each case by an expert of the particular nation. Owing to Captain T. A. Brassey's patriotic action in raising and taking command of the Sussex Company of the Imperial Yeomanry, the work of editing the *Annual* has devolved on W. J. Leyland. Needless to say he has proceeded upon the accustomed lines of accuracy and conservative criticism which have rendered past issues of so much value.

The first chapter is on the progress of the British Navy by Commander Robinson, who sounds a distinct note of alarm as to inadequate and slow construction. He points out the importance of the new German Navy as a factor in the situation. He does not allude to the *Kaiser* or *Bundesrath* incidents—incidents which, curiously enough, are omitted and receive no notice in any part of the 1900 *Annual*, though they are instructive and have a vital leaning upon the doctrine of contraband. One of the most attractive articles is that by Commander Bacon on the tactics of fast craft. The writer is not much in love with tactical schools, though we may remark in passing that other nations have found these to have their uses. He points out the striking change which the torpedo has brought into modern naval war, rendering, under certain conditions, the fast ship armed with the torpedo a match for the battleship. He is for a vigorous and remorseless employment of such craft in real war. "Sentiment can have no place. Vessels will have to be deliberately sacrificed and lost for objects worthy to be attained. . . . Peace manoeuvres have done nothing towards teaching us how fast craft should be used for attack, since it never has been possible to simulate war conditions, owing to the fact that in peace manoeuvres no

real risks to the vessels themselves can be incurred."

The vexed question of the boilers is discussed by Mr. Duncell, who holds that the water-tube boiler has great and incontestable advantages which will secure its retention in spite of the many defects it has developed. After all, as he points out, similar difficulties and troubles have been encountered before with each step made in advance by the engineer. "The adoption of the Belleville boilers for the fleet," he writes, "was almost a necessity," but it is probable that other types of water-tube boiler will gradually replace it. It must be remembered that if in the *Powerful*, *Diadem*, and other ships of our Navy it has not been a success, other navies are in the same boat. In the section devoted to guns and armour excellent illustrations of Captain Scott's South African gun-mountings are given.

* The Naval Annual. (Portsmouth: J. Griffins.) 15s. net.



1. Blue check foulard dress trimmed with guipure. Bodice forming a bolero over a white pique vest ornamented with two rows of lace. The revers of the bolero are edged with guipure and pleated turquoise satin, and at one side is a big rosette having muslin and lace ends. Tie of turquoise satin knotted sailor fashion. Pleated skirt trimmed with guipure insertion. Beige straw hat ornamented with silk muslin and white roses.
2. Costume in cream etamine. Tucked bolero, fastened down at the back of the waist by a big butterfly bow of plaid silk, which is brought round to the front as a waistbelt. Two rows of plaid ribbon ornament the cuffs, collar, revers, and the hem of the skirt, which has a broad box-pleat at the back. Cream straw hat trimmed with a twist of muslin and bouquets of flowers.

SUMMER TOILETTES

fibres of her sensitive flesh pricked with a vicious desire for vengeance, vengeance (though she understood it otherwise), not so much now on account of a man struck down in the prime of youth by a cowardly stroke, as because of that dreadful humiliation which a woman had suffered, the ruin of her hopes, and the exactions of unsatisfied vanity and ambition. She believed she had a sacred duty laid upon her, and her worldly, sentimental cunning head had conceived a plan to accomplish this. She had got sufficient information from Philip Carmichael to put the plan in operation, and she was resolved to do so. It was something to know that Warburton held a secret of her enemies, for this was how her quick mind interpreted Philip's admissions. There was a letter. Moreover, there lingered in her mind two other foolish words in that drunken braggadocio—"Government" he had said, and "Spy." Though she knew not, nor could guess, what that letter

threatened!" she said. "Indeed, that is for anyone to threaten a Carmichael. I had heard different of him," she languished at him. "Gad, madam, so you have, and you are right. They who are the Carmichaels carry their lives insecurely. But this Mr. Warburton must have a care. He supposes he has the whip-hand of him. He has run his nose into a secret. He would take upon himself the office of Government and spy at once. Well, we shall see. If he has his nose off, and what value will his letter have then?" "I don't know," said the girl swiftly, and Philip Carmichael's stupefied expression was dimly alarmed by her change of voice. "What letter?" he asked vacantly. "I said nothing of a letter, but we shall lop his nose, I promise him. I dislike the man's lying. He has no concern with what does not concern him."



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.N.

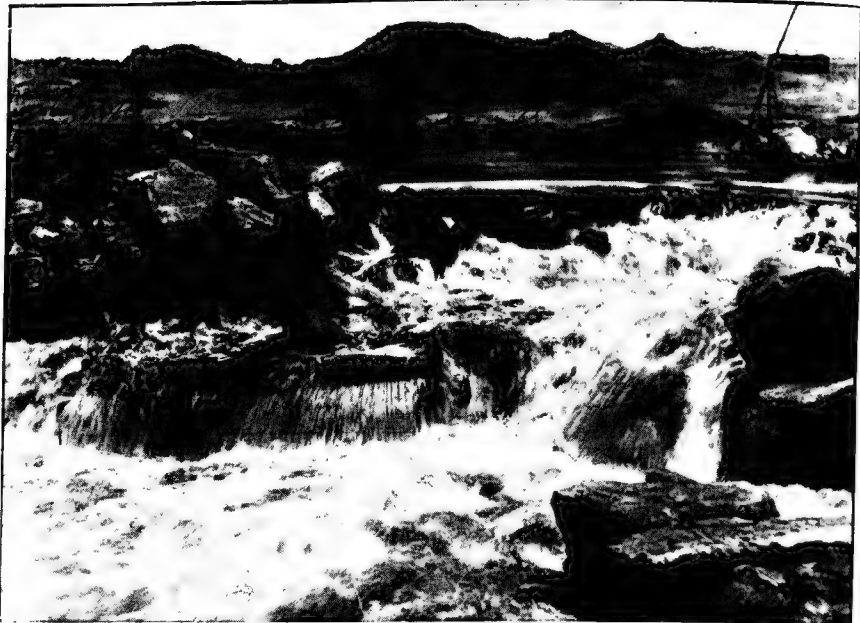
THE ROYAL CANADIAN INFANTRY CROSSING BY THE AID OF A LULL LINE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, LIEUT. T. D. HULLER.

FORDING A RIVER



THE STONE QUARRY NEAR ASSOUAN



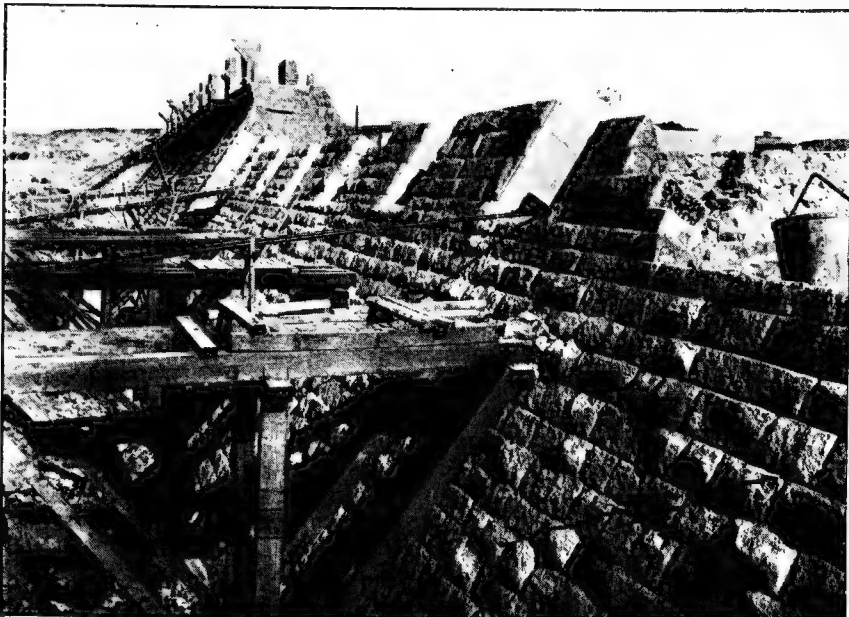
A RIVER CHANNEL AT ASSOUAN: FIRST STAGE



RIVER CHANNEL AT ASSOUAN: SECOND STAGE



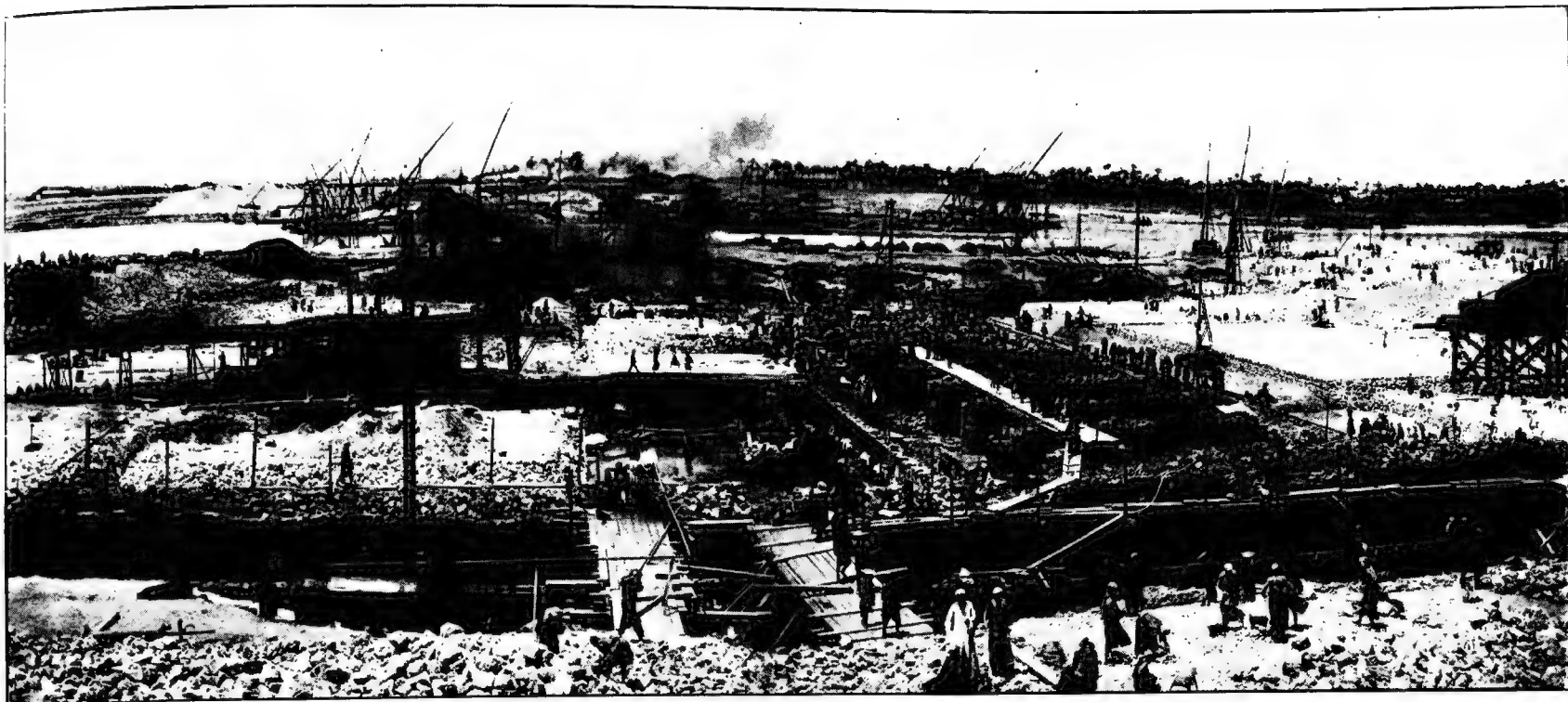
A RIVER CHANNEL AT ASSOUAN: THIRD STAGE



THE DAM WALL AT ASSOUAN



THE LOCK CHANNEL AT ASSOUAN



HARNESSING THE NILE: THE DAM AT ASSIOUT, LOOKING ACROSS THE NILE

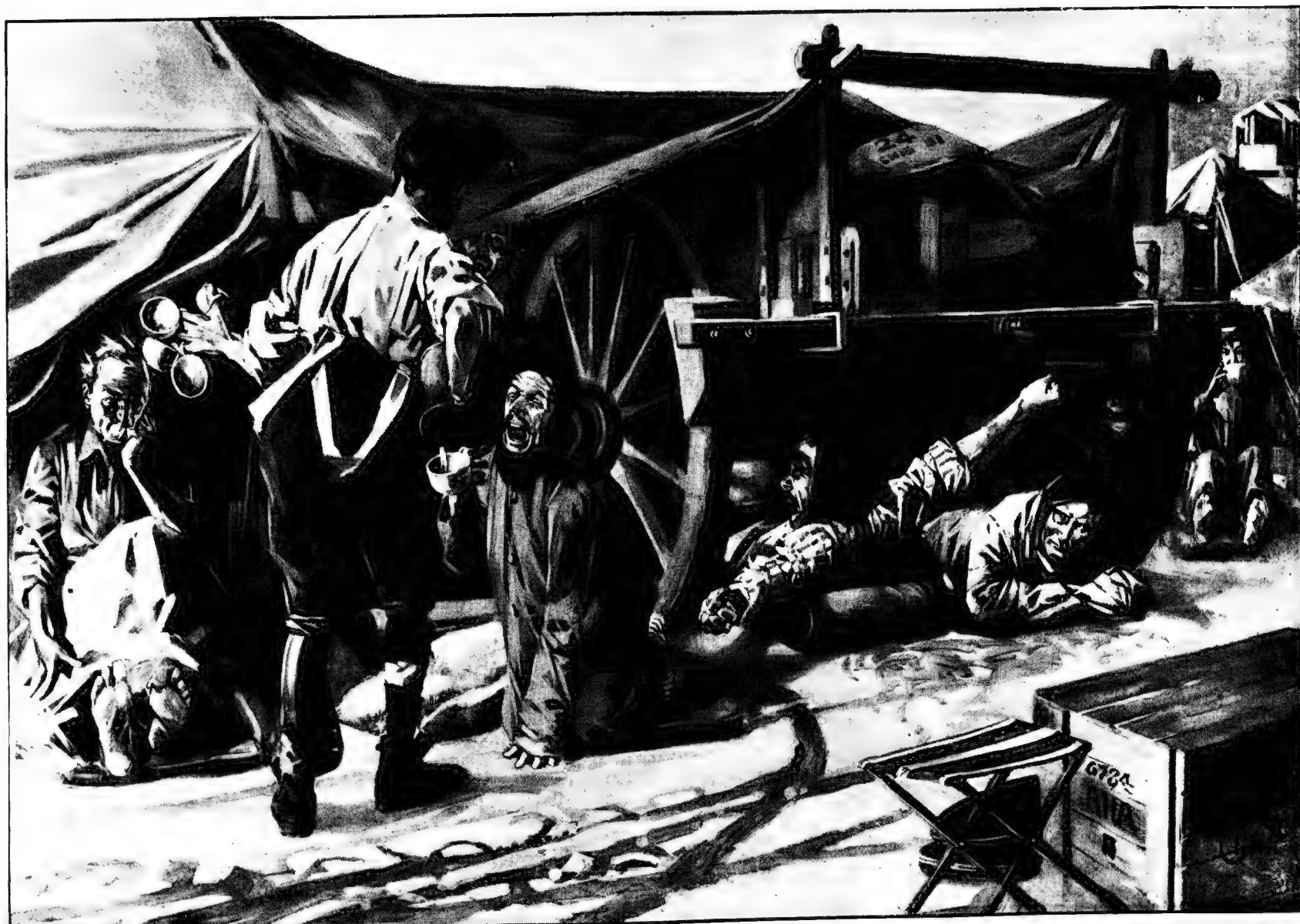
Harnessing the Nile

By the beginning of next year the Nile Dam, the first of the great engineering works which the genius of the nineteenth century has bequeathed to the twentieth will be so far on its way towards completion that its engineers will be able to speak confidently of the fate of the laying of the coping stone. The Nile Dam—to recapitulate briefly the facts of which everyone is vaguely aware concerning it—is really not one dam, but two. The upper dam is at Assiout, where the first cataract, with its score of islands, first breaks the smooth current of the Nile; and is the great work, both from an economic and engineering point of view. When it is finished nature's surface on the Egyptian frontier will be so far rearranged that the river above the dam will be turned into a pond

a hundred and forty miles long, crossing the Tropic of Cancer and extending southward nearly to Korosko. In the heart of the African desert will be created a lake having from two to three times the superficial area of the Lake of Geneva; and the whole mass of this impounded water—it may interest arithmeticians to know that it will amount at certain seasons of the year to two hundred and fifty billion gallons—will be controlled with scientific precision and turned into distant channels at will. Subsidiary to the great Assiout Dam, a smaller one, not unlike the barrage above Cairo, is being made at Assiout. The function of this smaller dam will be to give a sufficient head to the river to force the water into the system of irrigation canals that vein hundreds of thousands of acres between Assiout and Cairo. The upper dam is not sufficiently on its way to make a photograph of the whole of its vast designs instructive at present; but the photograph of the Assiout works which accom-

panies this article shows how considerable the progress has been in the lower reaches of the Nile. By studying the photograph closely the spectator who is looking from west to east across the river will discern the Nile flowing between the two piers of the barrage that are being pushed out concurrently from either side of the river. By the beginning of next year the foundations on this remaining passage will have been laid. The work of filling up will be proceeded with at the ensuing low Nile.

It is, however, the upper and bigger works at Assouan which appeal most to the imagination. The Nile at the first cataract rushes past a score of islands, great and small, and cleaves its way through a number of rock-bound channels. The biggest channel is on the extreme left (west), and this is also the deepest and most difficult channel. There are other eight or nine channels, great and small, between the left bank and the right bank, and of them



FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN C. ROSS

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

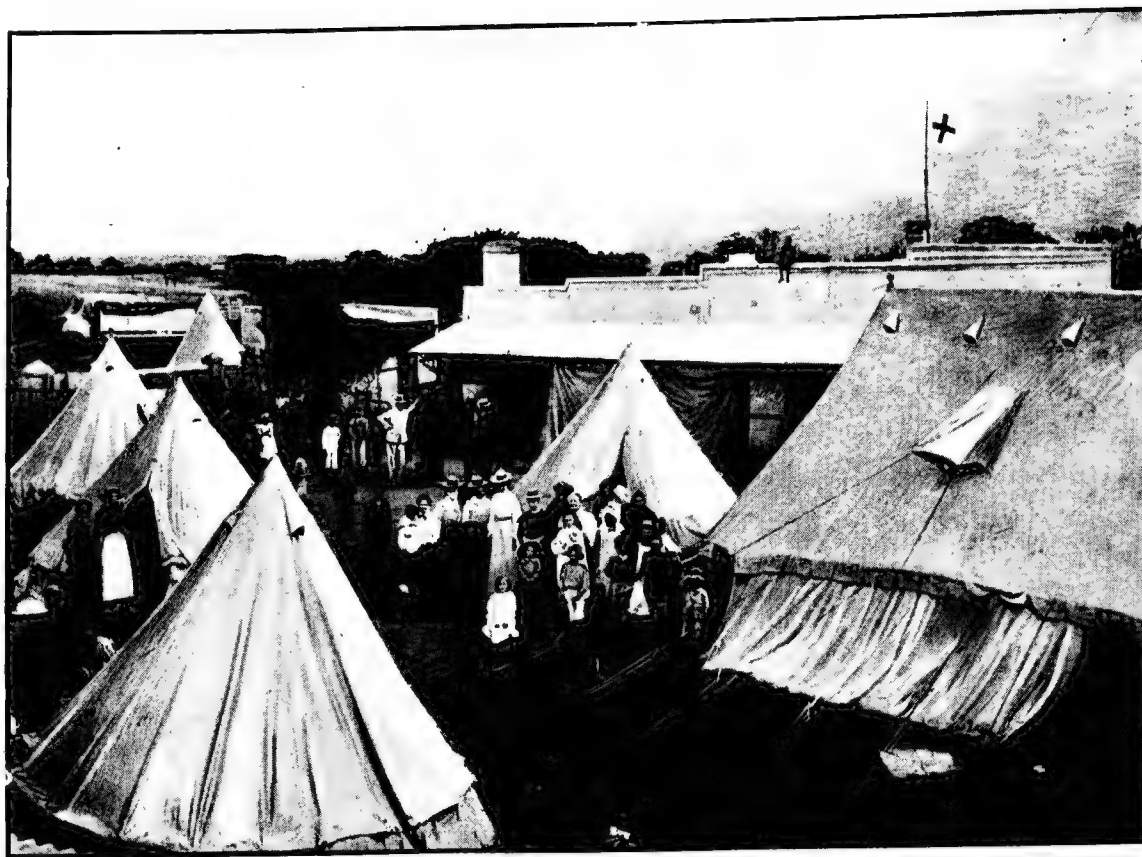
A Correspondent writes:—"At Bloemfontein we while away the day with parades, outposts, 'gunfire,' and other amusements. 'Gunfire' is an institution which flourishes in standing camps only; it usually comes before parade at that unearthly hour known as the streak of dawn. It consists in drinking tea and eating bread, biscuit, or anything else that a thoughtful mess president may provide. 'Gunfire,'

like all other worldly pleasures, is of a fleeting nature; it must be taken at the flood or not at all; the sluggard's only chance is that the tea may be so hot that nobody can drink it. It is called 'Gunfire,' because it is about the only hour at which a gun never fires. The man in the foreground of the sketch is not singing—people do not sing at the first streak of dawn—neither is he crying, he is merely yawning."

"GUNFIRE": AN EARLY CUP OF TEA IN CAMP AT BLOEMFONTEIN

the central two, the Bab-el-Sogair and the Bab-el-Kebir, are the most important. The extreme left channel and one smaller channel are now the only ones left untouched by the engineers; and the foundations of the dam stretch over islands and channels nearly three quarters of a mile from the east bank towards the west. From time to time a channel is reopened to let the water through while the works in a contiguous channel progress, but, roughly speaking, one may say that the foundations of the dam are in hand for two-thirds of the mile and a quarter's length which they will ultimately occupy. When the Nile is in flood the water flows over the channels and over much of the works; but during these times work is pursued without ceasing on the islands.

The photographs which accompany this article very well explain the method of closing up the channels, and show the part which the great river is made to play in contributing to its own harnessing. The first of the photographs shows one of the Assouan quarries from which the stone is taken for building the dam, and we shall have presently to refer to this again. In this quarry the stones are dressed; but from other quarries rougher stone is taken, and together with sand bags is heaped into such a channel as that of



The Boers persisted in shelling the part of the town in which the women's laager was situated, in spite of the Red Cross flag that floated over it. A trench round the laager was used for the women and children to shelter in when the Boers fired on this quarter of the town. Our photograph is by the Rev. W. H. Weekes, Rector of Mafeking

THE WOMEN'S LAAGER IN MAFEKING

which the second photograph is typical. If the photograph were scanned with a magnifying glass probably a network—while it looks like packthread, but it is really wire rope—might be discerned. This is to keep the stones and sand bags as close together as may be. Now, when the Nile comes down in full flood it comes laden with silt, and this deposit fills up the interstices of the granite blocks. When the Nile subsides the deposited mud dries hard as brick, and there the engineer has a "sudd" bank, or dam, across the channel already made. The third photograph shows the "sudd" bank in a further stage of development. In this it will be seen that iron rails have been stretched across it. They serve the same purpose as the wire ropes and give uniformity and solidity of the "sudd" bank, which the engineer begins and the Nile completes. Two "sudd" banks are requisite for every channel; and in the fourth photograph the second bank is to be seen in course of construction below the first. When both of these preliminary dams are completed the water enclosed between them is pumped out and the work of the foundation of the real dam, the great dam, the masonry dam, can go on uninterruptedly.

The last two of the smaller photographs are views of the great

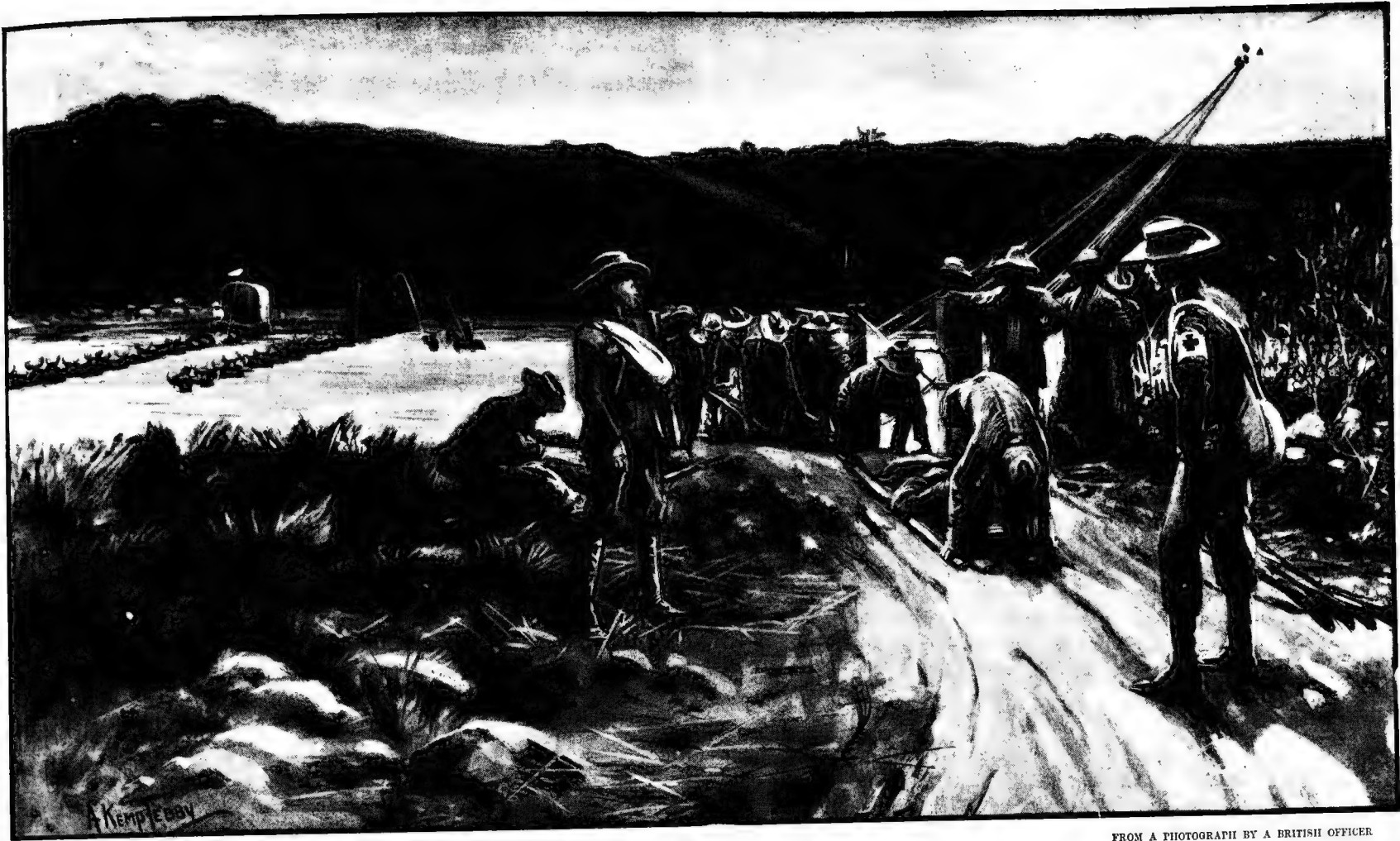


Our Special Artist writes:—"Signs of the bombardment are not prominent features in the town. The buildings are for the most part so modest, and the lungalows retire so successfully in their gardens, that the scattered town offered no mass for the enemy to concentrate their artillery fire upon. The pretty

little Town Hall, however, with its tower surmounted by a Red Cross flag, was too tempting an object for the humane 'Brother Boer' to ignore, therefore it received considerable attention from shells, one of which carried away a whole corner of the tower"

LADYSMITH AFTER THE RELIEF: A SKETCH IN THE TOWN

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

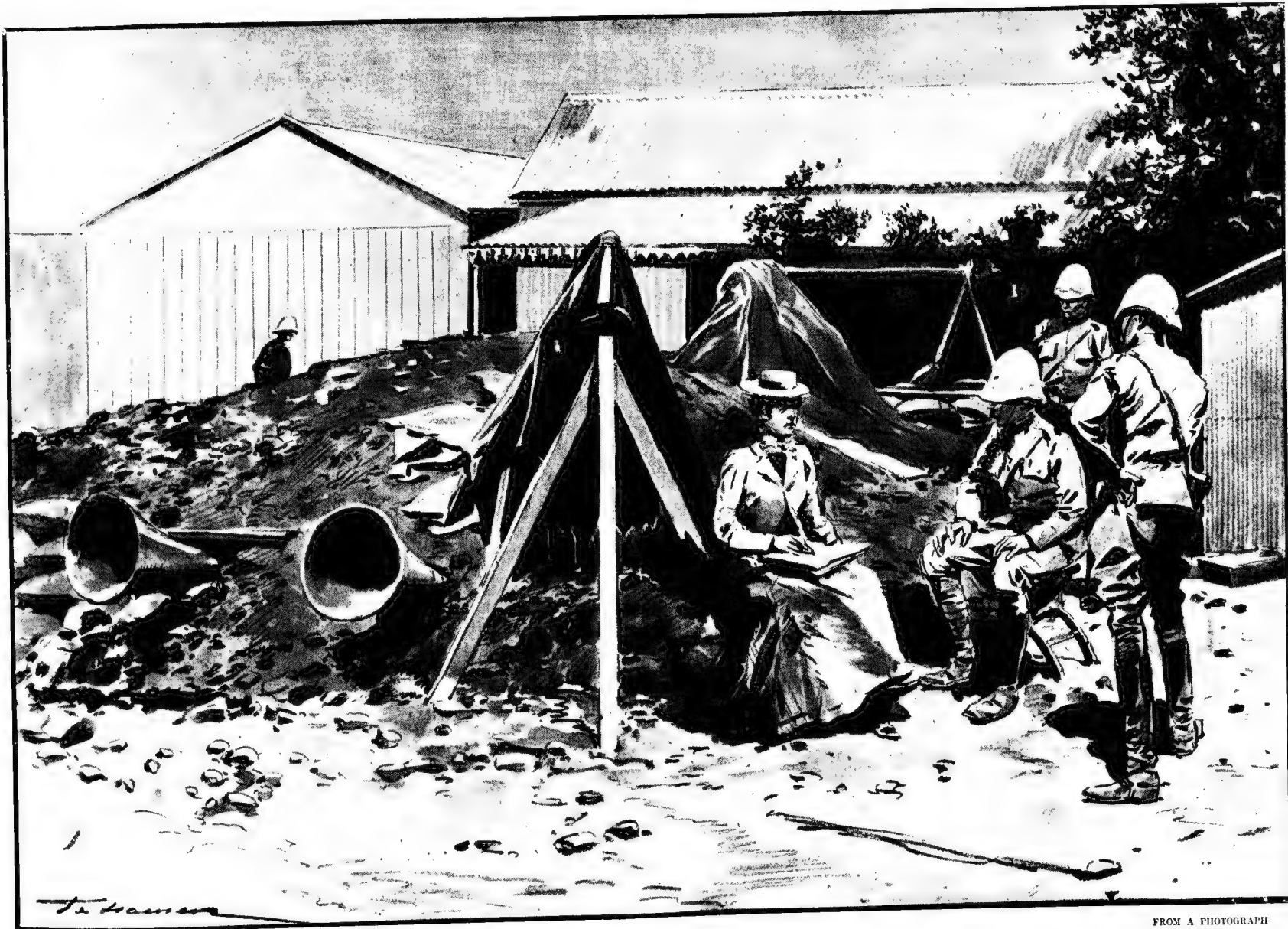


DRAWN BY A. KEMP TEBBY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

The Boers having blown up the bridges, the wounded were taken over the river in rafts attached by ropes to the shore. The Volunteer Ambulance men, who have done excellent work, received the stretchers as they were landed. The baggage was taken over by trek men, who swam across the river, keeping their teams of oxen under control with long whips

WITH SIR REDVERS BULLER'S FORCE: VOLUNTEER AMBULANCE MEN AT WORK



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

When the Boers exchanged Lady Sarah Wilson for the Dutch convict Viljoen, a bomb-proof dug-out was constructed for her, and she enjoyed the distinction of having the finest siege residence in Mafeking
A SIEGE RESIDENCE IN MAFEKING: LADY SARAH WILSON AT THE ENTRANCE OF HER SHELTER



THE LATE DR. RYLE
Ex-Bishop of Liverpool



THE LATE MR. C. BARRY, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A.
The famous Architect



THE LATE LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK
MARSHALL, K.C.M.G.



THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
Grandson of the Great Duke



THE LATE PROFESSOR C. A. BUCHHEIM
Professor of German Literature

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masonry dam itself; and of the lock cutting which is being made on the extreme left (western) bank of the river. This will necessitate some explanation of the scheme and construction of the dam itself. Briefly put, the work consists of a dam thrown across the islands and channels of the Nile cataract; and a navigable channel at right angles to it to enable boats to pass up and down. At the point chosen as the site of the work the river is 6,500 feet wide when in flood, and the dam is consequently about a mile and a quarter long. The greatest height is about 100 feet, and the thickness of the granite masonry at the base of the dam at this point is seventy-five feet. There are to be 180 sluices through the masonry. The size of the majority of these sluices is 23ft. high by 6ft. 6in. wide. Each sluice is to have a steel gate, by which the waterway can be closed or opened as required. When the Nile is in flood and carrying down large quantities of silt all the sluices will be open to give the river free passage and prevent the deposition of silt in the reservoir. When the Nile becomes free from silt, although still running flood full, some of the sluices will be gradually shut down, thus retaining the water. The water will be allowed to rise in the reservoir thus formed until it is about 50ft. higher than the ordinary water level at low Nile.

Our Portraits

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MARSHALL was born July 26, 1829. He was educated at Eton and entered the Army as a cornet of horse in the 2nd Life Guards on September 18, 1849, and served in the Crimea as aide-de-camp to Sir James Scarlett. His commission as captain was dated February 4, 1859, that of major March 6, 1863, lieutenant-colonel March 8, 1864, colonel March 6, 1868, and major-general October 20, 1877. During the Zulu war of 1879 Major-General Marshall was in command of the Cavalry Brigade, and after the dissolution of the brigade he was in command of the advanced posts on the lines of communications. For this service he received the medal, and on September 24, 1887, was made a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He had previously, on September 5, 1884, been promoted to lieutenant-general on retirement from the active list. On March 29, 1890, he was made colonel of the 1st Royal Dragoons,

of which regiment the German Emperor is the colonel-in-chief, and on June 22, 1897, in the Diamond Jubilee *Gazette*, he was made K.C.M.G. Sir Frederick Marshall was master of the Chiddingfold Foxhounds, vice-president of the Surrey County Council, and a magistrate for Surrey. Our portrait is by Hills and Saunders, Eton.

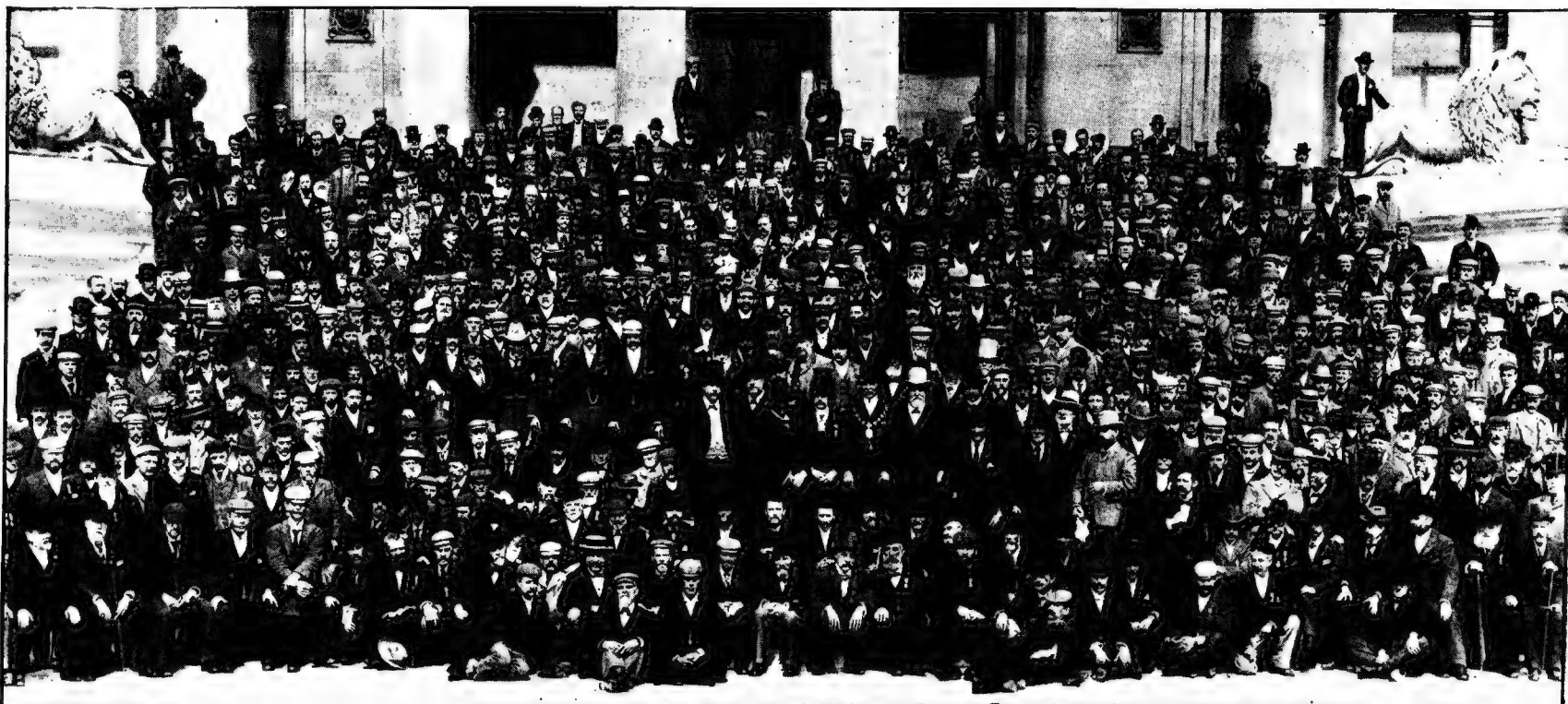
Dr. Ryle, ex-Bishop of Liverpool, retired from the bishopric only a few months ago, and his successor, Dr. Chavasse, was enthroned only a fortnight ago. Dr. Ryle, who was in his eighty-fourth year, was one of the leaders of what is known as the Evangelical School, and was quickly marked for ecclesiastical promotion. The Earl of Beaconsfield nominated him to the Deanery of Salisbury in 1880, and soon afterwards made him Bishop of Liverpool. His long and successful administration of that important see, until his health broke down, are well known. In addition, he was a prolific writer of tracts and pamphlets on religious subjects, many of which have been translated into all European languages and several Asiatic. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Henry Wellesley, the third Duke of Wellington, was a son of the great Duke's second son Charles, who died in 1858. He was born at Apsley House on April 5th, 1846, and succeeded his uncle as third Duke in 1884. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards entered the Army, and became lieutenant-colonel of the Grenadier Guards, from which he retired in 1882. He was the Conservative member for Andover from 1874 to 1880. His marriage with Evelyn, daughter of the late Colonel T. P. Williams, M.P., took place in 1882. The Duke has died without issue, and is succeeded in the title by his brother, Lord Arthur Charles Wellesley. Our portrait is by Russell and Son, Baker Street.

Professor Charles Adolphus Buchheim, Professor of the German Language and of German Literature at King's College, London, since 1863, was born in Moravia in 1828. He studied at the University of Vienna, and came to this country in 1852. He translated some of Dickens's works into German, and both in this country and in America his annotated editions of the works of Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, and Heine, issued by the Clarendon Press, are well known, and are used wherever German is taught

through the medium of English. Professor Buchheim was editor of the "Deutsche Lyrik," the "Balladen und Romanzen," and of Heine's "Lieder und Gedichte" in the "Golden Treasury Series." He was a Fellow of the College of Preceptors. For fifteen years he was examiner in German to the University of London. He also acted in a like capacity for the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and New Zealand. He was at one time German tutor to the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales. In 1897 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary M.A. degree. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. Charles Barry, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A., was the eldest son of the late Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. He was born on September 21, 1823, and was educated at Sevenoaks Grammar School and professionally in his father's office. During close upon half a century, over which Mr. Barry's professional experience as an architect extended, first in company with his friend and co-worker, Mr. Banks, and afterwards on his own account, he was connected with the erection of many public and private buildings. Among these may be mentioned Dulwich College; the addition to Old Burlington House of the new buildings destined to accommodate the various learned and scientific societies which meet under its roof; the large industrial school for the county of Middlesex, situated at Feltham; the fine new buildings in Great George Street for the Institution of Civil Engineers; Clumber, the seat of the Duke of Newcastle, in Nottinghamshire; Stevenstone, near Torrington, North Devon, the beautiful home of the Hon. Mark Rolle; and Bylaugh Hall, East Dereham, Norfolk, the residence of Mr. Lombe. Mr. Barry was also the designer of many churches. He had been since 1876 a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, was one of the original members of the Surveyors' Institute, and from 1876 to 1878 was President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, receiving in 1877 from his colleagues of that institution the Queen's Gold Medal awarded once in every three years to an architect of eminence. The Right Rev. Alfred Barry, D.D., late Bishop of Sydney and Primate of Australia and assistant Bishop to the Bishop of London, is one of his brothers, and another brother is Sir J. Wolfe-Barry, the builder of the Tower Bridge. Mr. Barry was seventy-six years of age. Our portrait is by Vernon Kaye, South Kensington.

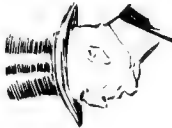


The annual movable conference of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows was opened at Portsmouth last week in splendid summer weather. The roll call showed that there were 700 delegates present. Mr. T. Hughes, the Grand Master, in his opening address, said they were a peace-loving people, and Oddfellows were crusaders in a cause that sought to diminish human suffering and to brighten homes, but they knew that but for such arsenals as Portsmouth possessed there would be scant opportunity to pursue the arts of peace and strive for the amelioration of mankind. Therefore, while speaking as the head of one of the greatest human agencies of peace and the brotherhood of man, he confessed to a sense of pride that around them were thickly clustered the outward symbols of the might

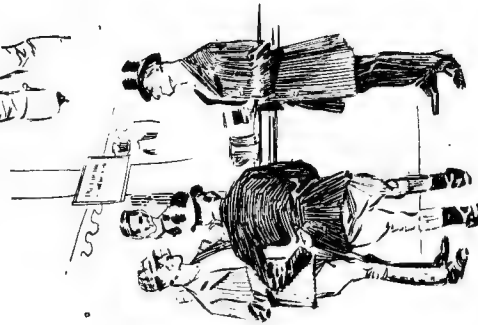
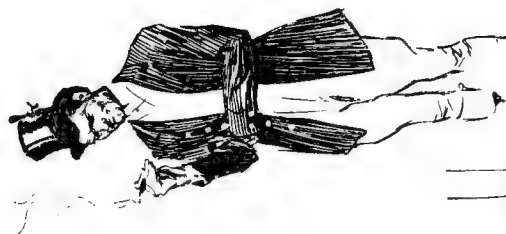
of the freest country under the sun; that within sight of them were the great war machines which moved over the seven seas, guardians everywhere and at all times of the principles of justice and equality which our forefathers bequeathed to us and which we as a sacred duty must pass on to future generations. Dealing with the progress of Oddfellowship during the year, he said they had added 17,867 new members, and the membership now numbered 961,500. He appealed to all lodges to add 5 per cent. to their strength during the year, and their members would then exceed a million. Our illustration is from a photograph by Russell and Sons.

THE CONFERENCE OF THE MANCHESTER UNITY OF ODDFELLOWS AT PORTSMOUTH

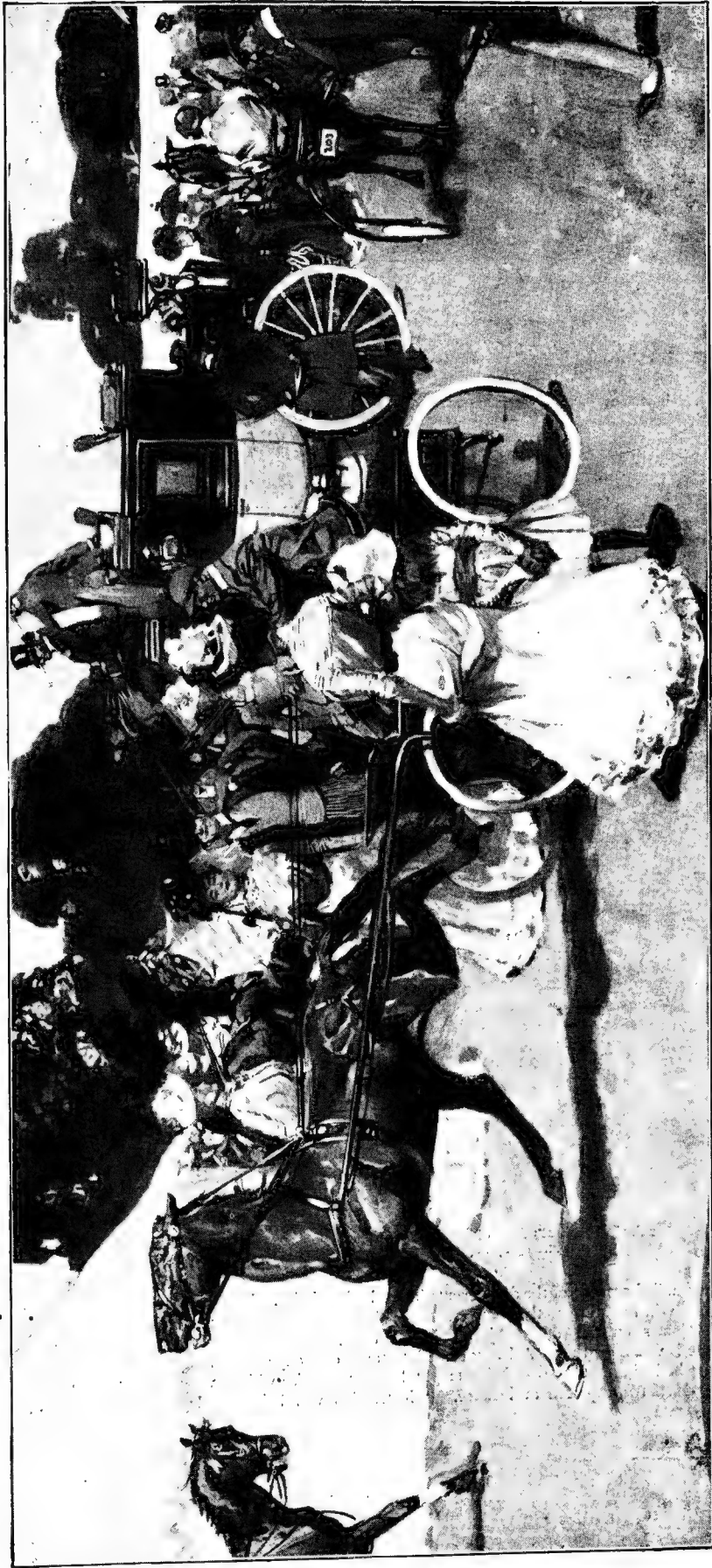
A FEW TYPES



IN THE JUMPING COMPETITION



VERES TO THE OLD HOSS!



A SKETCH IN THE STABLE ENCLOSURE



SOME OF THE EXHIBITS



AMERICAN SULKY

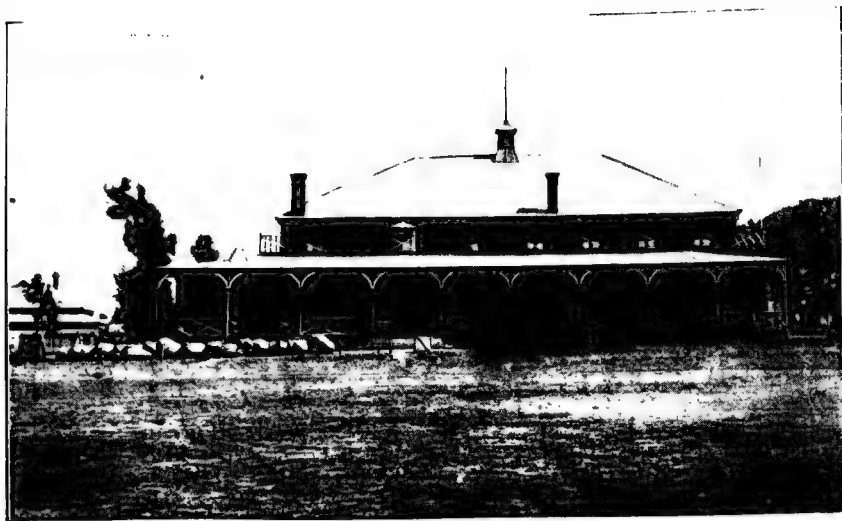


FRANK CRAIG 1900

The Old Deer Park at Richmond offers many attractions as the site for a horse show, and the weather favoured the ninth local exhibition last week. The Show was well attended, and among the visitors to the ground during the first afternoon was the Duke of Cambridge, who manifested a kindly concern in the judging of the harness classes. With his Royal Highness were Admiral FitzGeorge and General Williams. The band of the Scots Guards was in attendance. In the four classes for hunters the entries totalled fifty-eight. Suffolks, which have for some years past always been a feature of the show, made a good display, and were, if anything, better than in previous years. There were eighty-eight entries in the class for hacks. There was the usual parade of prize winners, and spectators had the opportunity of seeing the pick of the Suffolk classes, which comprised some very fine animals. Jumping competitions were carried on through both days

THE ROYAL HORSE SHOW IN THE OLD DEER PARK, RICHMOND

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG



Wherever Englishmen are to be found in any numbers there will assuredly be a club. The Ramblers' Club at Bloemfontein was a token of the large English element in the town. Before the war the British residents used to gather together in this bungalow. The building is now used by Langman's Hospital for housing the sick and the wounded. Our photograph is by F. J. Mayer

THE RAMBLERS' CLUB, BLOEMFONTEIN, NOW USED AS A HOSPITAL

Ladysmith Chronicles

OF the books on the siege of Ladysmith, "Four Months Besieged" (Macmillan), by H. H. S. Pearse, the special correspondent of the *Daily News*, is one that contains hitherto unpublished material, and is in consequence fresher and more accurate than other accounts of the siege. Of course the writer cannot help covering the same ground as others. There is little doubt that at the beginning of the war we treated our enemies with a great deal too much consideration, a fact of which they were not slow to take advantage. For instance, Mr. Pearse tells us that after the battle of Lombard's Kop General Joubert "hit upon a characteristic plan for finding out what was the exact state of affairs in Ladysmith, and we, with a delightful *naïveté*, suspecting no guile, seemed to have played into his hands." Under the pretence of treating the wounded with great consideration Joubert sent them back into our camp under an escort of twenty Boers, all wearing the Red Cross badge. They demanded an exchange of wounded, and on the plea of being responsible for the proper care of their own men, claimed to be admitted within our lines. Such a request, says the writer, would not have been listened to for a moment by some generals, but Sir George White, anxious to propitiate an enemy whose guns commanded the town, full as it was of women and children, yielded the point, and the ambulance, with its swaggering Boer escort, came into town neither blindfolded nor under any military restrictions whatever. They were allowed to move freely about the town, to talk with Boer prisoners, and to drink at the public bars with suspected Boer sympathisers, with the result that when the enemy began to shell the town, it was found that they knew the position of important stores, the locality of which could only have been indicated to them by secret agents, and they also directed their fire on the places where officers were known to assemble at certain hours. Mr. Pearse has a good deal to say on the subject of the neutral camp to which the wounded and non-combatants were sent—an arrangement that was looked upon with a great deal of disfavour by the leading inhabitants of Ladysmith. Mr. Pearse gives a very detailed and graphic description of the great assault on the town by the Boers, and tells of many curious and interesting incidents of the siege.

Mr. McHugh's "Siege of Ladysmith" (Chapman and Hall) has already appeared in the shape of letters in the *Daily Telegraph*. The writer is of opinion that the unhappy position of those in Ladysmith arose from "the extraordinary supineness" which allowed the two or three vital days in the beginning of November, before Ladysmith was completely hemmed in, to pass without action. He thinks that the Boers might have been attacked with success before their reinforcements arrived, thus preventing Joubert and Meyer from joining

hands. The writer gives some amusing and also some touching instances of how the shelling affected different temperaments. "Ay, ay! Lord, man, that was a hummin'-bird damned weel hatched!" was the remark of a Scotchman, when a shell burst close to him.

Mr. Nevinston's "Ladysmith: The Diary of the Siege" (Methuen), is a reprint of his telling letters to the *Daily Chronicle*, in which he



DR. CONAN DOYLE
Principal Medical Officer of Langman's Hospital
From a Photograph by F. J. Mayer

gives a detailed account of the daily events in the besieged city. It cannot be said to differ greatly in any essential point from the many other volumes on the same subject. The following significant anecdote is worth quoting. A Kaffir came into town one day and said that he had seen the Boers being taught bayonet exercise with our Lee-Metfords, captured at Dundee. "Instruction was being



A Correspondent writes:—"When the Boers shelled our camp at Sunday's River on April 15, our tents were allowed to collapse so as to afford no mark to the Boer gunners. The ridge in the background of the photograph had several Boer guns mounted on it. When the photograph (which is by Lieutenant J. Palmer) was taken the troops had gone out in skirmishing order, leaving only a camp guard"

DEPRIVING BOER GUNNERS OF THEIR MARK

given by a prisoner—a sergeant of the Royal Irish Fusiliers—with rope round his neck."

Perhaps Mr. J. B. Atkins's "Relief of Ladysmith" (Methuen) is of greater historical value than the books already mentioned. It deals exclusively with the doings of Sir Redvers Buller and his troops, that is after the first few chapters, which are mostly taken up with how the author got to the front. But then this value is somewhat discounted by the fact that the letters are unrevised. Mr. Atkins says that it is better to have the letters in their original form. "If," he continues, "in speculations or assertions I have gone astray, I venture to let the mistakes stand. The reader, recognising them, will allow a certain historical value as the common beliefs of the moment, or will pin his faith to them only until he finds them rebuked in later chapters." That appears to us to be a somewhat slipshod method of book-making. However, the letters are written with much spirit, and our opinion has not changed since we saw them in the *Manchester Guardian*, when we considered they were amongst the best of the letters from the front.

Quite one of the most interesting of war books that has appeared up to the present time is "Besieged by the Boers" (Hutchinson). It is the diary kept by the author, Oliver Ashe, M.D., of the siege of Kimberley. The author was surgeon to the Kimberley Hospital, consequently no one could be better qualified than he to write of what the inhabitants of that town had to go through during the long months of their imprisonment. Coming as it does after the many reprints of correspondents' letters, it strikes one as being delightfully fresh, besides which it is well written, and apparently without haste, and it is also well illustrated.

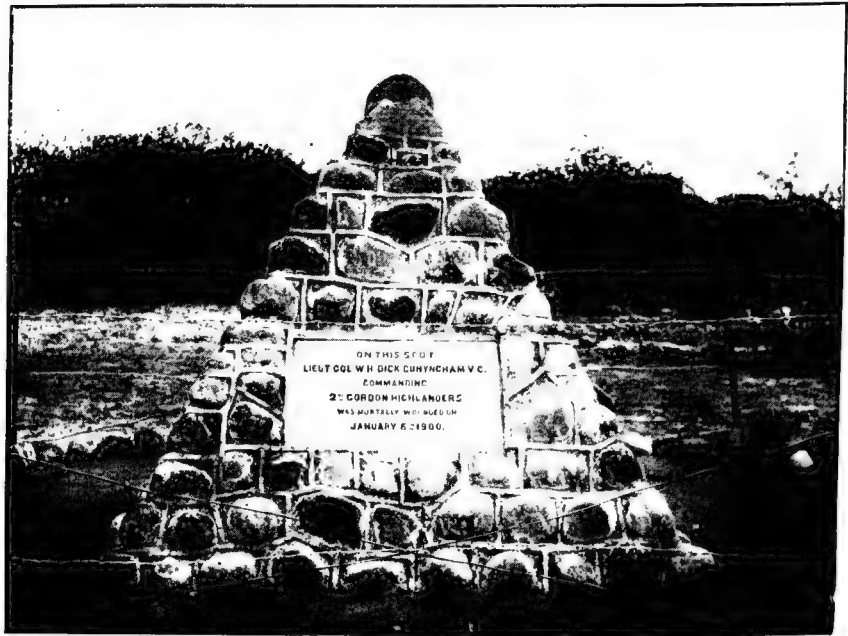
Mr. Spencer Churchill's letters to the *Morning Post* were so widely read, and created so much excitement at the time of his escape from Pretoria, that any comment by us now that they have appeared in book form, under the title of "London to Ladysmith via Pretoria" (Longman), would be altogether superfluous. The majority of readers will naturally turn to those pages dealing with his imprisonment and escape as being of the greatest interest, but we should remind them that Mr. Churchill is, or rather was, a soldier, and his remarks, prophecies, and comments on the war, and more particularly on the behaviour of the troops and their officers during the operations outside Ladysmith, are of the greatest interest and value, added to which, from a purely literary point of view, this far surpasses any other volume on the same subject.

"The War Up-to-Date" (Unwin), by Arthur Scaife, is a scrappy production, made up apparently from newspaper reports, soldiers' letters and ancient history. It is written, to quote the author's own words, "to enable the reader with a minimum of intellectual effort to form a connected idea of the causes which led up to the terrible struggle now raging in South Africa, and the effects it has so far produced. As the book only brings us up to the relief of Ladysmith its title is no longer appropriate. However, the volume may be useful to those to whom the reading of war telegrams is too much of an "intellectual effort."



The fever patients under the care of the Langman's Hospital are placed in the theatre hall of the Ramblers' Club. Our photograph is by F. J. Mayer

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The Gordon Highlanders erected a cairn to the memory of Colonel Dick Cunyngham, V.C., on the spot where he fell mortally wounded on January 6 at Ladysmith. Our photograph is by J. Wallace Bradley

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13	6 by 9	0 .. 6	6	14	0 by 11	0 .. 8	6
11	0 by 10	0 .. 6	15	0	15	0 by 11	0 .. 8
12	0 by 10	0 .. 6	6	13	0 by 12	0 .. 8	6
13	6 by 10	0 .. 7	0	14	0 by 12	0 .. 8	15
12	0 by 11	0 .. 7	0	10	0 by 12	0 .. 10	0
13	0 by 11	0 .. 7	12	0			

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Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.
7	6 by 5	2 .. 2	6	11	10 by 8	3 .. 6	4
7	9 by 5	2 .. 2	14	0	12	8 by 8	1 .. 6
7	6 by 6	3 .. 2	17	0	11	3 by 9	5 .. 6
9	6 by 6	0 .. 3	6	11	10 by 9	5 .. 6	10
8	7 by 7	0 .. 3	10	0	12	2 by 9	1 .. 7
8	10 by						

The Crisis in China

THE "Boxer" rebellion is rapidly assuming serious proportions, and already a considerable portion of Northern China is in a state of anarchy. The Chancellor of the Japanese Legation, three missionaries, and a large number of native Christians have been massacred in circumstances of revolting cruelty, and several Belgian engineers, who were at work on the Lu Han Railway, have disappeared. Much damage has been done, and the summer residence of the British Legation, the Peking Club and the buildings on the racecourse have been destroyed. The Imperial Government has so far taken no effective measures to stop the rising. On the contrary, General Nieh, who was ordered to protect the Peking-Tientsin Railway, and was unfortunate to kill a few "Boxers" in self-defence, has been denounced in an Imperial Edict and commanded to retire to a place eighty miles from the scene of his engagement, while General Tung-fu-siang, a man notorious for his open sympathy with the "Boxer" movement, was honoured by being chosen to escort the Empress and Emperor on their recent return to the capital. The Empress has, indeed, been ill-advised enough to choose the present moment for more reactionary measures. Such being the temper of the Central Government, it is satisfactory to see the

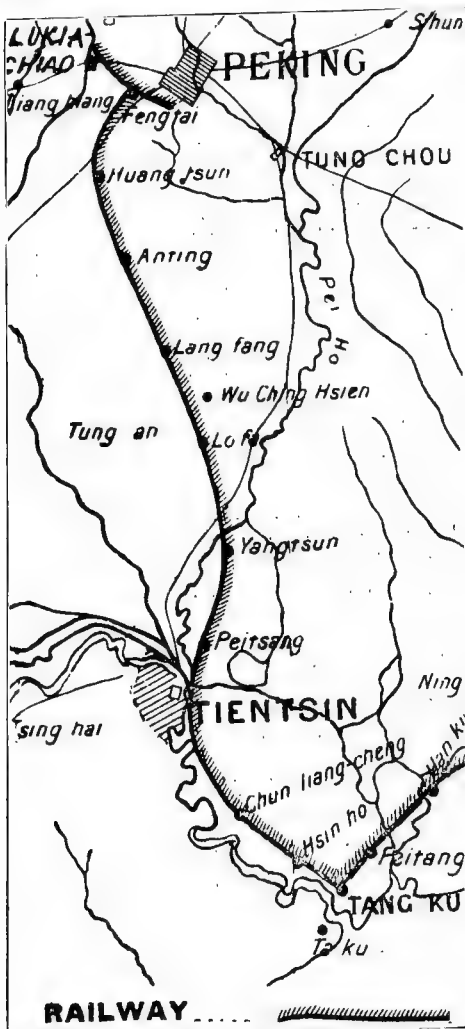


THE LATE REV. CHARLES ROBINSON



THE LATE REV. HARRY VINE NORMAN

Powers acting together. The different Admirals have despatched a composite relief force from Tientsin to open the road to the capital and protect the Legations there. Five special trains were commandeered for this purpose, the first to leave containing Admiral Seymour and his staff, and 650 British bluejackets and marines. A Hotchkiss



(Scale about 21 miles to the inch)
MAP SHOWING THE RAILWAY FROM TIENSIN TO PEKING AND THE DISTRICT WHERE THE "BOXERS" ARE MOST ACTIVE

and other guns were mounted on a car in front of the engine, and other guns were placed in position in the centre of the train. A large portion of the line has been destroyed by the "Boxers," with whom the British Marines had a sharp encounter on Monday near

Lang Fang in their endeavours to clear the line. The "Boxers" were eventually put to flight. Meanwhile, the telegraph line between Peking and Tientsin have been cut by the rebels, and great anxiety is felt for the safety of the foreign residents at Peking. The Rev. Harry Vine Norman, who was murdered by the "Boxers" at Yung-Ching, received his theological training at St. Boniface Missionary College, Warminster, Wiltshire. He was ordained a deacon in 1892, and proceeded in that year to Peking. He soon showed himself to be a very zealous missionary, and according to the last reports, he was mainly responsible for the erection of a new church at Tai-Wang. Our portrait is by See Tai Tientsin. The Rev. Charles Robinson, the other missionary murdered by the "Boxers" at Yung-Ching, was a native of Armley, Leeds. After his career at St. Boniface Missionary College he sailed for North China. He was ordained there in 1898, and was enrolled as one of the missionaries for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Our portrait is by Yuen Chang, Tientsin.

The Late Mary Kingsley

MISS MARY KINGSLEY'S death is much to be deplored. She gave her services nobly as a nurse, and died from fever as the result of her labours. Miss Kingsley, the niece of Charles and Henry Kingsley, was a very remarkable woman. Her love of travel and adventure resembled that of the most daring man, and neither solitude, difficulty, nor danger daunted her in the pursuit of science and natural history. Withal, she was the most modest and simple of women, a charming companion, an agreeable narrator and speaker, and the possessor of a delightful gift of humour. Her friends, of whom she had many, will not easily find her equal. With all the go and independence of the New Woman she embodied the sterling qualities of the Old Woman—humility, love of home and family, and a simplicity of nature which was truly refreshing. She spent the greater part of three years (1893-96) on the West Coast of Africa, and when she came back wrote a volume called "Travels in West Africa," full of humour and observation. More than this, though: she set herself with great success to persuade the British people, and the British Government, to take up the question of fever on the West Coast. Our portrait is by Scott and Wilkinson, Cambridge.



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WARINGS' DECORATIVE ART AT THE EXHIBITION



FRONT OF THE BRITISH PAVILION

THE name of Waring is associated with great enterprises and equally great triumphs in connection with Decorative Art. As Waring and Gillow, the firm has achieved distinction, not in Great Britain alone, but throughout the British Colonies and the Continent of Europe. Its latest success has been won at the Paris Exhibition, where its exhibit of decorated interiors has elicited the delight and hearty encomiums of the most artistic circles. But Warings' work is not confined to this exhibit, about which we may have something to say on a future occasion; it includes the larger and more interesting part of the interior decoration of the Pavilion erected in the Rue des Nations for the British Royal Commissioners. Nothing finer in its way than this has ever been seen. The building itself, though relatively small and unpretentious, is a dignified and beautiful representation of an old English Manor House of the time of Queen Elizabeth. Under the able direction of Mr. Lutyens, the architectural details have been carried out with care, good taste, and artistic fidelity. It is, however, only when the decoration of the Great Gallery and the Drawing-Room of Kingston House, as the Pavilion is called, are seen that the beauty, the well-controlled richness, and the impressive grandeur of the artistic effect become fully apparent. Waring and Gillow have executed their share of the work in complete accord with the architect's spirit. They have infused into their decorative labours an enthusiasm which is the natural outcome of a thorough mastery of the style, and of an artistic sympathy with the prevailing "note" of the period. There is no decorative firm extant whose knowledge of the historic styles is so profound, or

Gallery and other rooms what has justly been called by an eminent French authority "a triumph in oak." English and Continental critics are, indeed, agreed that no more perfect work and no more faithful reproductions of a noble style have ever been seen. Not only is the English display redeemed from insignificance by this supreme effort, but it lifts the whole Decorative Section to a higher and distinctly educational and refining plane.

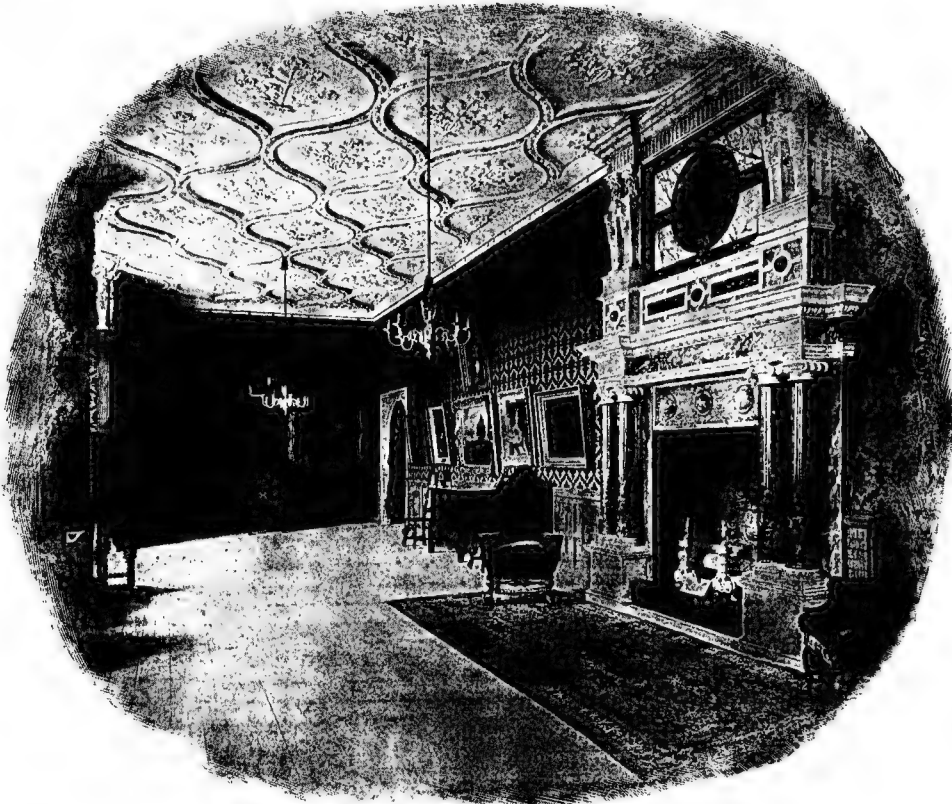
It has to be borne in mind that the firm of Warings and Gillow is a somewhat composite one. The original firm of S. J. Waring and Sons has taken over the time-honoured business of Gillows

whose method of treating them is more earnest and full of inspiration. In this Elizabethan or Jacobean work Warings are thoroughly at home. The leading lights of their studio are "past masters" in the study and reproduction of fine sixteenth century examples. It is well within the truth to say that Warings' work at the Pavilion is a revelation of the art of a period in which solidity, splendour of ornament, richness of *ensemble*, and a noble dignity of result were the constant and self-evident features. A less enthusiastic firm, in dealing with famous old examples, would have missed the inspiration of the theme; Warings, on the contrary, have risen to it. They have realised the Elizabethan interior in its best and most artistic form, and have produced in the Great

panelled room, the whole wall surface being covered with fine oak panelling, executed with mouldings of the period. This runs up to the ceiling, which is divided by modelled plaster partitions into rectangular panels. Though there is nothing in this room of a florid character, the effect is rich and distinctive. The Drawing-Room is much more elaborate. The ceiling here is modelled in deep relief in a very fine geometrical pattern, with something the effect of groinery. A magnificent marble chimney piece with fine ornamentation is a feature of one side of the room, running from floor to ceiling. The walls are decorated with an oak dado, surmounted with a rose-coloured covering. The furniture, pictures, and appointments are all chosen with regard to their harmony with the Jacobean style employed in the scheme of decoration.

It is, however, in the Great Hall, or Long Gallery as it is called, that the resources and artistic ability of the firm are shown in the highest perfection. Here we have a stately apartment of the old baronial type, worthily designed, worthily decorated. It is founded, of course, upon an existing example—the Great Hall at Knole, Kent—and its principal features are the reproductions copied from this historic edifice. The noble chimney-piece, in marble of many colours, is one of these features. The ornamentation is superb, the carved pillars supporting the upper part being striking work, but the colour effect produced by the composition of many kinds of veining is univalued.

The grate again, and the highly ornamented andirons, are taken from antique examples. There is a fine ceiling panelled with a ribbed design, the spaces being enriched with floral ornaments—a sort of conventional rose tree springing from an heraldic emblem—characteristic of the best plaster work of the Elizabethan period. Silver sconces, by Elkingtons, are hung from this. The walls are covered with a reproduction of antique Genoese velvet, coloured in deep red and old gold, which rises from a low oak dado divided into panels, and accented at intervals with pilasters and treated with the "strap" ornaments of the period. The walls are further embellished with an excellent pictorial



THE LONG GALLERY

and that of Collinson and Lock, and the fusion of interests thus brought about has produced a wonderfully strong—indeed, an irresistible—combination. The three component firms named have all been associated very prominently with the decoration of the British Pavilion. Collinson and Lock have done the Saloon, or Reception Room, Gillows have done the Drawing-Room, and to Waring and Sons was entrusted the highly important duty of carrying out a reproduction of the Hall in an old English Manor House. Taking these works in the order named, the Saloon is an interesting example of a

collection, consisting of works of the old English masters, specially gathered together under the direction of Sir William Agnew. The silver furniture in the Long Gallery is copied by Elkington from that in the James I. bedroom at Knole.

The illustrations we give afford some idea of the way in which a couple of the principal rooms have been treated by Waring and Gillow. Their work has already become the talk of Paris. Notwithstanding the delays which led to the British Pavilion coming on to the scene in a belated fashion, the position has been redeemed by the brilliant, scholarly, and sympathetic achievement of this eminent firm, whose reputation as decorative artists stands on a pedestal of unassailable superiority. In the Pavilion rooms, and particularly in the Long Gallery, the very spirit of the Elizabethan times lives again. The success of this firm is, however, not confined to reproductions of historic examples. In the practical decoration of mansions and châteaux its fame is rapidly extending on the Continent, and since twelve months ago, it opened a branch establishment, fitted with a charming suite of specimen rooms, at 8, Rue Glück, and Boulevard Haussmann, Paris, it has secured the patronage of a most influential *clientèle*, among whose names may be mentioned those of Prince Djemil, Prince de Stolberg, Princess d'Essling, Baronne Edmonde de Rothschild, Vicomtesse Vilain XIII., Marquise d'Anglesey, General Sir Richard Westmacott, M. André Hartmann, M. Emile Deutsch, M. Henri Deutsch, M. Paul Desmarais, Madame Réjane, and Mr. James Gordon Bennett, by whom they have been entrusted with the decorative treatment of his new yacht in the Græco-Roman style, which promises to be quite unique.



THE SALOON

New Novels

"NELL GWYN, COMEDIAN"

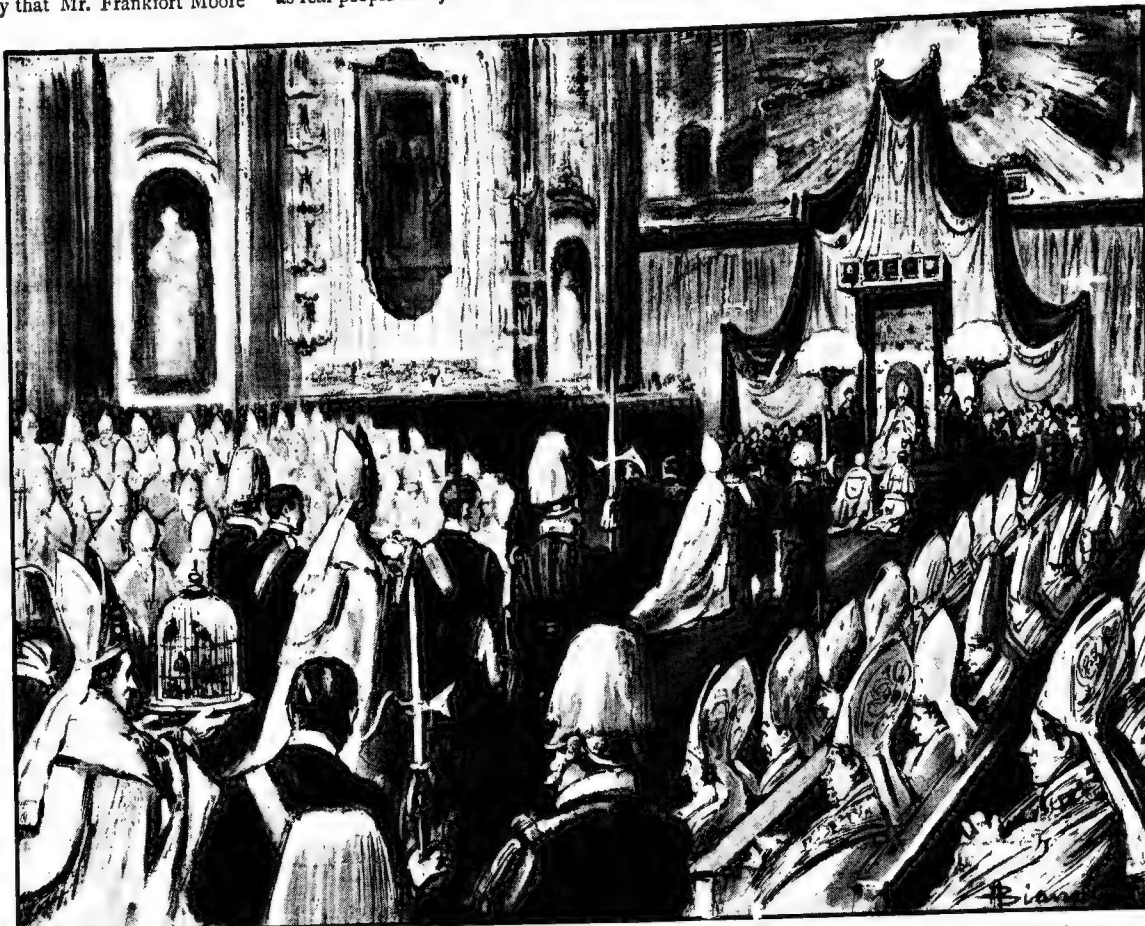
It is not much of a compliment to say that Mr. Frankfort Moore

has completely succeeded in so very easy a feat as caricaturing the Court of King Charles the Second. In "Nell Gwyn, Comedian" (C. Arthur Pearson), he has presented that still popular favourite in the not uncharacteristic light of a sort of good fairy, whose life-purpose is to establish Chelsea Hospital, while smoothing the courses of true lovers by the way. On one occasion she acts the part of a Family Ghost for all the world as if she had read Dickens's Christmas stories before they were written. Mr. Moore makes no concealment of her having been naughty; but it is no fault of his if the corresponding epithet fails to follow. A full-flavoured method of speaking her mind (especially to Lady Castle-maine) is admitted, but only very mildly exemplified; and we must suppose that not even the prospect of Chelsea Hospital would have tempted her from the paths of strictest virtue but for the reported death of the high-minded and chivalrous linkman who had won the heart of the barefooted Orange-girl. From one fault the volume is certainly free; indeed, one may fairly say that its one merit is never being dull.

"THE JUDGMENT OF HELEN"

Miss Patty Winter, the *dea ex machina* of Mr. Thomas Cobb's "The Judgment of Helen" (John Lane), with many characteristic suggestions of Miss Rebecca Sharp, pleasantly illustrates one quality of her prototype which has scarcely received due attention. It is a certain good nature, never for a moment conflicting with interest, but none the less genuine, and compelling us to a bashful sort of liking for her despite all her little ways. Even so does Miss Patty good-naturedly relieve her young friend, Helen Christopherson, of an uncongenial engagement to a millionaire by catching the millionaire for her own impecunious self. But there is the good nature all the same. That is really about all the story, except that

there is an amiable young doctor for Helen, and a satisfactory baronet for Helen's mother. But it is quite enough material, in Mr. Cobb's hands, for a charming little comedy of character, whereof the delightfully life-like *dramatis personæ* talk themselves—as real people really talk—into the reader's intimate knowledge and



Two saints were recently canonised at St. Peter's—John Baptist De La Salle and Rita Da Cascia. La Salle, born in Rheims in 1651, became a canon of that cathedral, but resigned in order to be enabled to carry out his life's work as founder of the Christian Brothers. La Salle died in 1719, and was beatified in 1888. St. Rita was born in Cascia, Umbria, in 1381. When she became a widow she entered the Augustinian Order, and was canonised in 1875. Her death occurred in 1457, and she was beatified in 1628. The ceremony was of the most imposing character. The Basilica was lighted up by 13,000 candles, following the architectural lines, and 400 chandeliers. Its pilasters were hung with damask and gold, and in the apse electric light was used for the first time. The Pope, after devotions in the Sistine Chapel, where the Cardinals and 250 Bishops were assembled, was carried to the vestibule of St. Peter's in a sedan chair, and thence, wearing cope and mitre, in the Sedia Gestatoria, to the throne prepared in the apse. After this the Te Deum was sung, and then mass was celebrated at the papal altar by Cardinal Oreglia, Dean of the Sacred College. At the offertory candles, bread, two small gold and silver barrels of wine, doves, and little birds in cages were offered. At the elevation silver trumpets were sounded, as well as at the Pope's entrance. There was an additional boys' choir in the dome.

THE CANONISATION AT ROME: THE POPE RECEIVING OFFERINGS
FROM A SKETCH BY A. BIANCHINI

interest, while one ungratefully forgets that it has an author, so studiously does he hide behind the scenes. "The Judgment of Helen" is altogether exceptionally pleasant as well as easy reading.

experience of his college days. If that be too realistic for everybody's reading, it would be an eccentric taste that could not find at least one story to suit it among the dozen others.

"FATHER FOX"

Father Fox, who gives its title to Dorothy Martin's story "of the Present Day" (Elliot Stock), is a magnetic and ascetic clergyman of ecclesiastical principles—including celibacy—of which the author does not approve. Unluckily, an exceedingly silly young woman, supposed heiress, falls in love with him while he is in temporary charge of her parish; enters Anglican sisterhood in the End of London in order to be near him; finds that he can never do anything to her but a perfume sort of spiritual director; and, not liking the life, runs away and marries a fine young ritualistic cousin, who has turned up from Australia, as the heir. That is fortunate, because having endowed the sisterhood with every penny of her own, she had been obliged to occupy a situation in a baker's shop to keep herself from starving, until her Cousin came accidentally into the shop to buy buns for some little boys. Had the strength of the story borne the slightest proportion to its earnestness, it would have been very strong indeed.

"THE GREEN FLAG"

Under the title of the first order, Dr. A. Conan Doyle reprints thirteen of his stories (Smith Elder and Co.) as, to quote the preface, "the fittest survivors of the tales which I have written during the last six years." The last but one is "The Debut of Bimbashi Joyce," which inaugurated the *début* of *Punch* as a purveyor of magazine fiction. The merits of the contents, dealing in one way or another with sport or war, are curiously unequal, ranging from a really fine piece of exciting description, like "The Three Correspondents," down through every degree of the scale to the level of the penny dreadful. Perhaps the best piece of work is the account of how that veteran first-class pugilist, "The Croxley Master," was beaten in the ring by a young medical man with only the amateur

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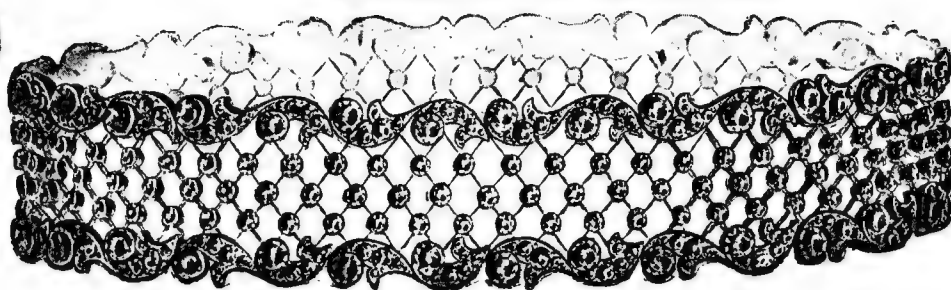
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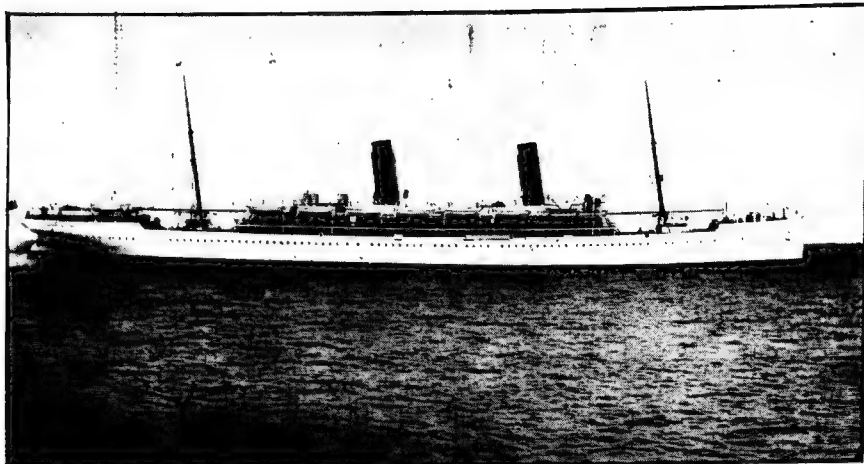
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S.S. "SAXON": THE NEW UNION-CASTLE LINER

A New Cape Liner

At the invitation of Messrs. Donald Currie and Company, the managers of the Union-Castle Line, a large number of guests, including the Master of the Rolls, Sir Francis Evans, M.P., and Lady Evans, the Right Hon. W. J. Pirrie, General Sir Owen and Lady Agnes Burne, Sir William Arrol, and many others, journeyed to Holyhead on Saturday last, to accompany the R.M.S. Saxon on her trial trip to Southampton. The Saxon is the first new ship to fly the flag of the Castle-Union Line since the amalgamation. She is a ship of 12,970 tons gross, nearly three thousand tons more than the *Briton*, the next largest ship of their fleet, and is built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast. The interior decorations and fittings have been made with a view to giving the passengers the greatest available amount of space. One of the features of the ship is two suites of rooms, each containing a bedroom, a sitting-room and bath-room, all richly fitted in oak and tapestry panels. The *Saxon* sails for South Africa to-day.

"The Rhodesians"

Those who want to know something of the sort of people to be met with in some of our newer possessions might do much worse than read such a little volume as this. It may not inspire them with a desire to make their homes on the veldt, but it will afford a good hour or so of entertainment. For the vivid little pictures which it affords of life in South African settlements and on the frontiers of British civilisation are as clear in their way as they are unpretentious, and Stracey Chambers has very obviously much first-hand acquaintance with such corrugated iron townships as Mafeking and others on the Transvaal border. The author reminds one occasionally of Bret Harte, but this is more because he deals with a class of society which exists almost on parallel lines with the American novelist's mining communities than from any similarity in style, for he has little



THE SMOKING-ROOM OF THE "SAXON"

of the older novelist's unerring touch in depicting humour and pathos. Nevertheless has he a keen eye for character, and a certain crude freshness of style which carries conviction. South Africa in time should bring forth a school of fiction and effectually cut the ground from under the feet of those writers of romances who have studiously shunned the country in order to write of it with the more freedom, and "The Rhodesians," with its clever personal touches of colonial types, is a first step in the right direction. ("The Rhodesians." By Stracey Chambers. John Lane.)

THE KEYNOTE OF CREATION-CHANGE!!

'Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree, or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it would pass away.'—Moore.

SOMETHING APPALLING!

MALARIAL FEVER!

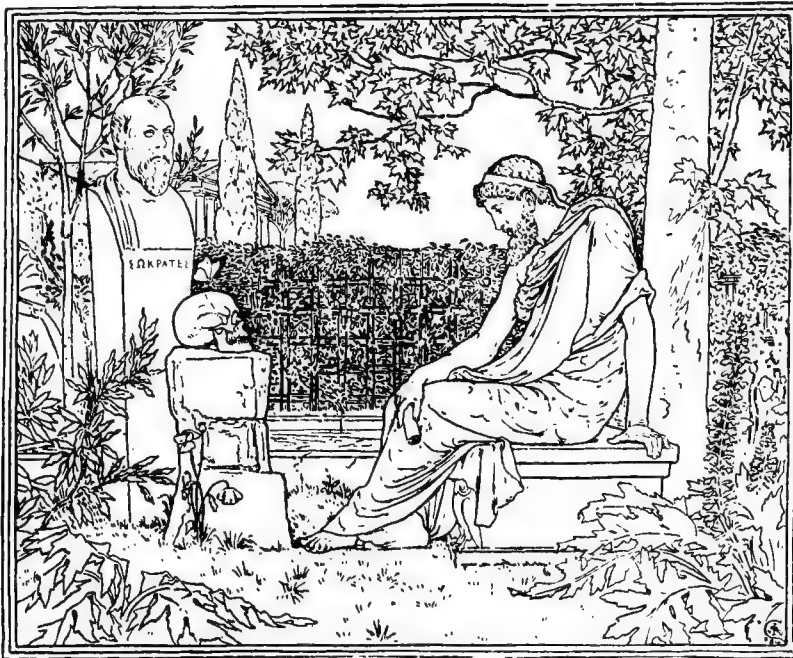
'WHAT IS TEN THOUSAND TIMES
MORE TERRIBLE THAN REVOLUTION OR
WAR?

O UTRAGED NATURE!

SHE KILLS, AND KILLS, AND IS NEVER
TIRED OF KILLING, TILL SHE HAS
TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON
HE IS SO SLOW TO LEARN—THAT
NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY
O BEYING HER.

MAN HAS HIS COURTESIES IN
R EVOLUTION AND WAR.

H E SPARES THE WOMAN AND CHILD.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL AND POPPY, ABOUT 450 B.C.

The Head of Plato is from an Ancient Marble Bust, discovered in Greece, now in the Museum at Rome.

BUT NATURE IS FIERCE WHEN SHE IS
O FFENDED.

SHE SPARES NEITHER WOMAN nor CHILD.
SHE HAS NO PITY, FOR SOME AWFUL,
BUT MOST GOOD REASON.'—Kingsley.

'FOUR MILLION PERSONS DIE
A NNUALLY OF FEVER, PRINCIPALLY
MALARIAL, IN BRITISH INDIA ALONE,
and if we take into consideration the numerous dependencies situated in such

UNLOVABLE PLACES AS

T HE GOLD COAST, THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, NEW GUINEA, BRITISH
GUIANA, HONDURAS AND THE WEST
INDIES, THE TOTAL POPULATION
STRUCK DOWN YEAR BY YEAR BY

MORE OR LESS PREVENTABLE FEVER
MUST BE

SOMETHING APPALLING!—Observer.

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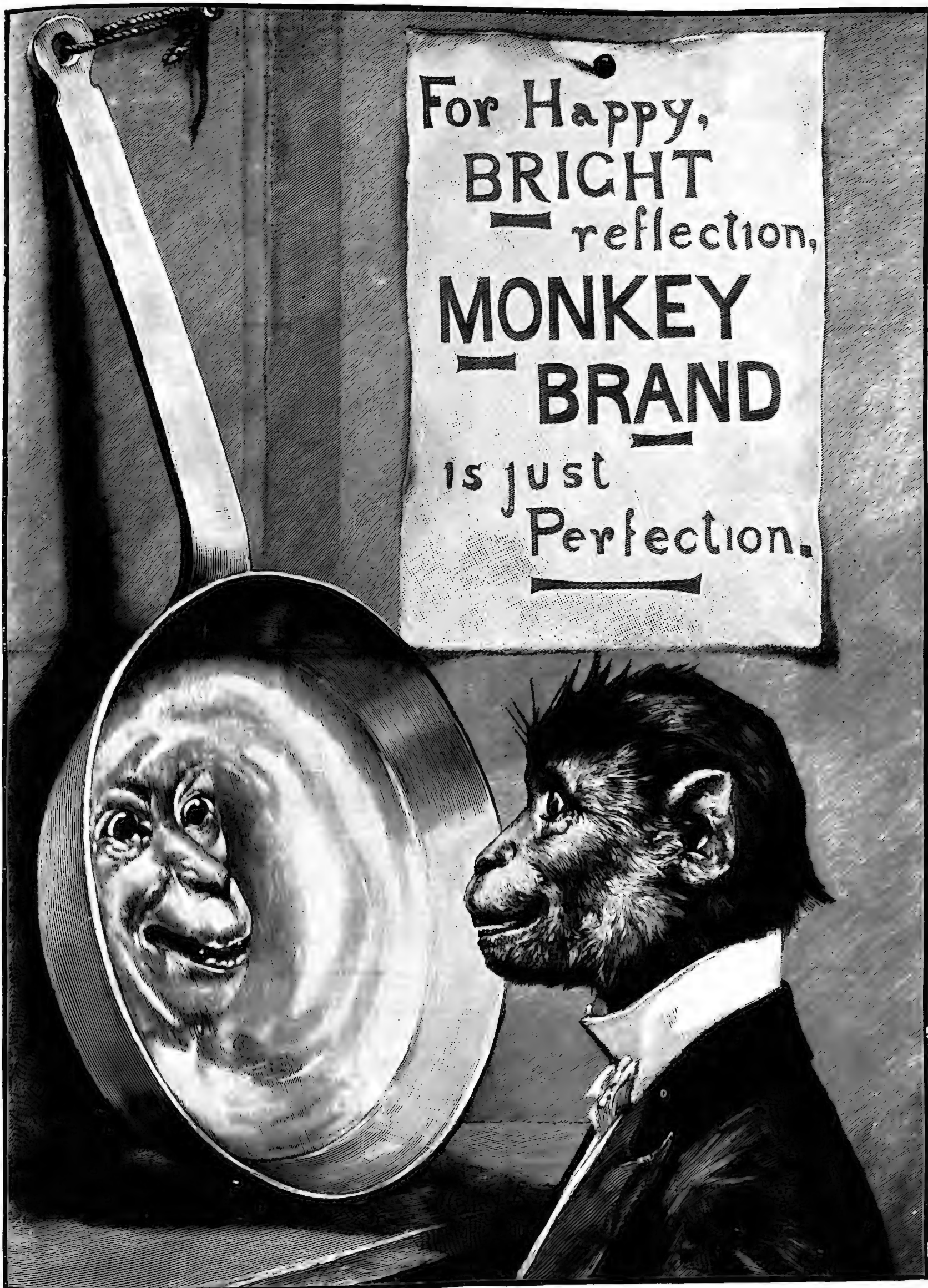
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REFLECTIONS.

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Musical Notes

THE OPERA

THE return of M. Jean de Reszké to Covent Garden is, of course, the most important operatic event of the present week. The great Polish tenor has, since he left London early last July, enjoyed a complete rest; for last winter he voluntarily relinquished an American tour by which he might have earned a sum of nearly 25,000/., and preferred to give his voice an absolute holiday. He will, it is understood, later on in the season be heard in some of Wagner's advanced operas, but not in *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, and he also hopes to revive some of the more vocal works of the operatic repertory. For his *reentrée* he was announced to sing Roméo to the Juliette of Madame Melba in Gounod's opera, a work which, curiously enough, years ago, with Patti and Mario in the chief parts, did not go at all well, but which M. Jean de Reszké has now made one of the most popular of Covent Garden operas. On Friday of this week, by which time fashion will doubtless have returned from Ascot, he was likewise announced to appear as Lohengrin, to the Elsa of Frau Galski. Signor De Lucia was on Friday last week to have made his first appearance this season as Rudolfo in Puccini's *La Bohème*, but M. Gillibert, who was cast for the subordinate though indispensable character of Schaunard was ill, and had no "understudy," so that the opera had to be postponed, and *Faust*, with Melba, was given instead. *Faust* was likewise announced on Monday for the reappearance of Madame Calvé, but that lady was ill and was replaced by Madame Adams. Madame Calvé's *reentrée* is now postponed indefinitely, for, in *Carmen* on Wednesday, she was replaced by Miss de Lussan, and on Thursday Frau Galski volunteered to take her place as Santuzza. Madame Calvé has, however, arranged to give a Command performance before the Queen and the Khedive at Windsor on the 26th, singing in *Cavalleria Rusticana* and the first act of *Carmen*. There is also again a talk of an "invitation," though not a "Command" representation, in honour of the Khedive at Covent Garden, which, in that event, would be specially decorated with flags and flowers.

Apart from the ordinary repertory we have had the first cycle of

Der Ring des Nibelungen. Although the performances were, on the whole, adequate, they might have been made a good deal better. There were, for example, unavoidable slips in the stage management, and more than one "stage wait." The sun and the moon persisted in rising on the horizon simultaneously, the clouds descended too soon for Siegmund to reach the rock for his duel with Hunding, the pantomime dragon died too soon, and its green, electric eyes were extinguished long before its representative had done singing; while Siegfried on Saturday night had to expostulate with the Fire God on the ground of *trop de zèle*. Again, the persistent affection of the new stage director for darkening not only the auditorium, but also the scene itself, is very perplexing to those who wish to watch the facial expression of the artists. Also, the orchestra has left a good deal to be desired, for, at any rate in the first three operas, they did not seem to pay much attention to the singers; while Herr Mottl's dragging of the *tempi* did little to improve either the great *finale* to *Die Walküre* or the sword-forging scene from *Siegfried*. On Saturday, however, when the cycle closed with *Götterdämmerung*, matters were much better.

In regard to the artists in the *Ring*, the palm has undoubtedly been carried off by Herr Van Rooy as Wotan, Frau Ternina as Brünnhilde, and Frau Schumann-Heink as Erda and Waltraute. Indeed, the duet between these two in *Götterdämmerung* was one of the finest things of the week. Frau Galski was also a magnificent impersonator of Sieglinde, while Frau Ternina was one of the finest representatives of Brünnhilde which the London stage has yet seen. Indeed, so far as the ladies were concerned, Bayreuth itself could not have beaten them. The men were less satisfactory. Herr Dippel did the best he could for Siegfried, but, physically, he is not very well suited to this heroic part. It was strange, and it certainly spoiled the sequence of events, that a totally different Siegfried should appear on Saturday, namely, Herr Krauss, a singer essentially of the German school, with many of the Teutonic vocal faults, but possessing a fine stage presence, and being moreover a very fair, though rather conventional, actor.

CONCERT AND OTHER NOTES

Miss Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford are to be married at

Bristol Cathedral on Tuesday week, and last Saturday, at St. James's Hall, they gave a sort of farewell to single blessedness. It was pleasantly said that the proceeds, thanks to the fact that the hall was quite full, must have afforded the young couple a handsome wedding present. Miss Butt herself was rather out of voice, but Mr. Rumford sang remarkably well five of Madame Lehmann's "In Memoriam" songs, besides also taking part in duets with his fiancée. The young couple had a splendid reception.

Herr Moritz Rosenthal has returned, and this week undertakes to play at the Philharmonic. Next week he will give a Recital. M. Paderewski, however, will give no Recital this season, although he will play at the final Philharmonic Concert on the 28th, and will also appear at one or two private receptions at Mr. Astor's and elsewhere. It is said that during his few months' tour in America last winter he made a clear profit of 39,000/., and, indeed, a large part of the cheque which was paid him has been reproduced in American newspapers. Mr. Wood has given another Wagner Concert, and on Monday the Richter Concerts were resumed with a programme consisting mainly of Wagner's works.

Mr. Cowen has been appointed conductor of the Scottish Orchestra which gives concerts during the winter in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and elsewhere. This, of course, will not interfere with his conduct of the London Philharmonic, the Liverpool Philharmonic, and three Bradford choirs.

Rural Notes

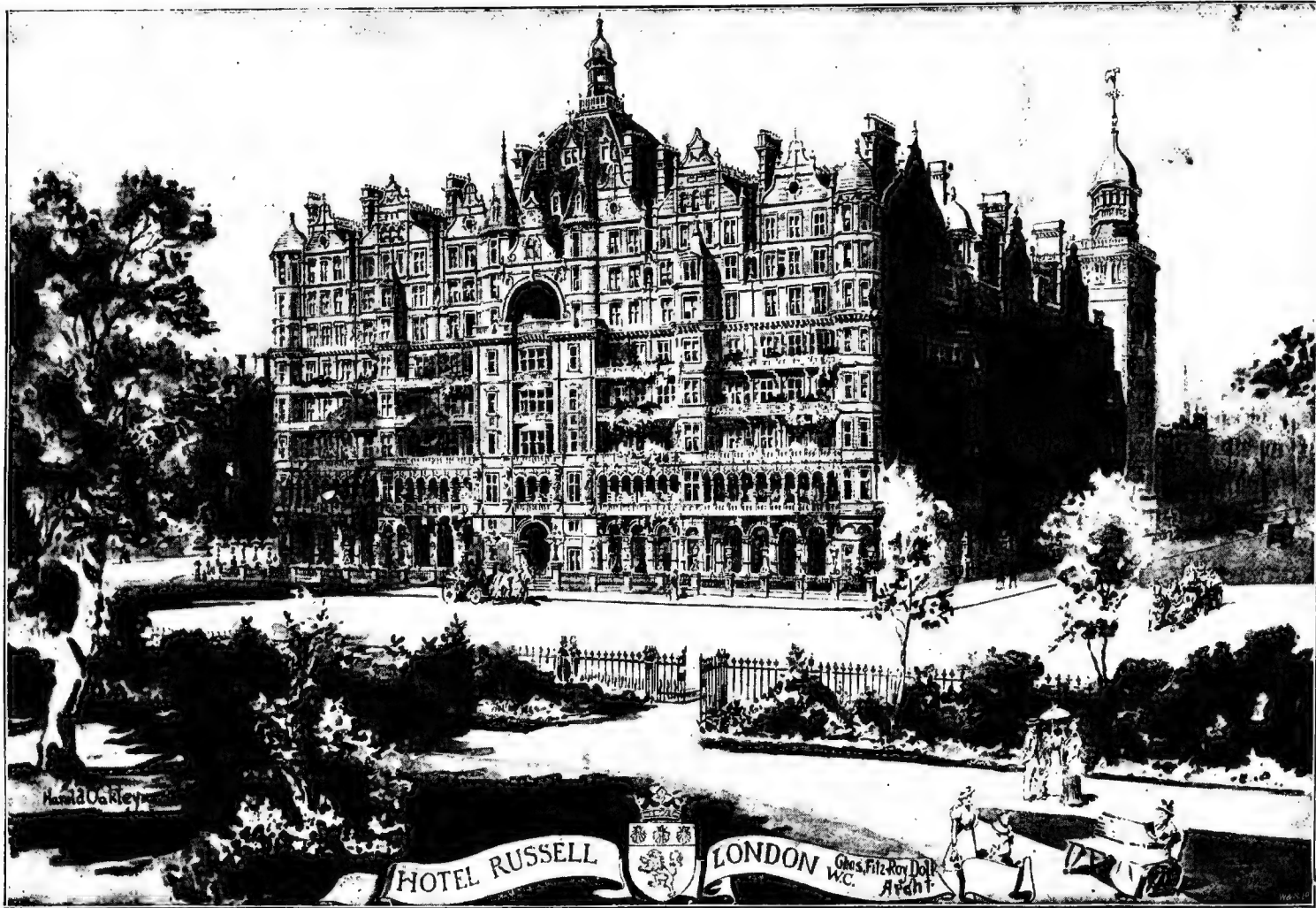
THE SEASON

UNTIL Saturday and Sunday there had hitherto been little about the season, and the sun neared his zenith without having any serious hint that it is summer. The high summer of temperature in 1898 and 1899 suggest that a cold weather may have arrived with 1900. There is, however, no rule in respect; 1890, 1880, 1860, and 1850, were, indeed, cold summers.

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but 1870 was one of the hottest on record, and 1840 was also a very hot year: August was said to be the hottest ever known, but records were confined to very few stations then. The elder was coming into flower on 9th inst., which is barely nine days behind the time, but the wheat-ears gathered in Sussex on the 11th were twenty-four days later than the earliest in the same part (1893), and fully twenty days behind the average. Barley and oats strike us as being even more backward. Some poppies now showing in gardens are early compared with average expectation, but gardeners are responsible for early varieties. The last tree to come into leaf this season was the black variety of the ash. This, on 6th inst., was only just unfolding its leaf buds. The 8th of June, if wet, is said to mean a wet harvest. In most parts of England the day was showery but not to be called wet. In the extreme south it was quite dry. On "St. Barnabas put your scythe in the grass" is good advice

if the old style is remembered. The present 23rd will then be the old 11th of the month. The taller, thinner, and more aspiring types of grass have done best this season, but they do not bulk so heavily as the bushier grasses, and in the poor growth of the latter we have reason to fear a light hay crop.

DEAR AND CHEAP MARKETS

A Government paper just issued shows that wheat commands an average price of 27s. 8d. at Canterbury against only 24s. 4d. at Ely. The cost of transport from place to place still makes a material difference. Barley is even more widely separated in its prices, for at Brighton 33s. 6d. is averaged against 23s. 2d. at Monmouth. Oats range from 22s. at Ditchot to 15s. 2d. at Wadebridge. The Cornish markets are very low both for oats and barley. To speak generally, wheat commands a good price in Middlesex, Surrey,

Sussex, Kent, Gloucester, Berkshire, Notts, Shropshire, and Durham, but is cheap in Cambridge, Norfolk, Suffolk, Huntingdon, Bedford, Hertford and Devon. Barley is dear in Sussex, Kent, Surrey, but cheap in Lancashire, Cornwall and Devon. Oats are dear in Middlesex, Surrey and Sussex, but are obtainable at low rates in Cambridge, Cornwall, Devon, Cheshire and Lancashire. On the whole the Home Counties come out well, probably because buyers are well to do, and have learnt to appreciate quality. Wales wheat, where grown at all, fetches a pretty fair price, but is as dear as London and Wrexham is dearer. Barley, on the other hand, seldom exceeds grinding quality, and at Carnarvon it was all that was averaged, a price 2s. 6d. below the lowest price for feeding barley home-grown. Oats in Pembroke averaged 14s. 7d., and can scarcely pay to grow. But the price paid at Cardiff will probably about remunerate the cultivator.



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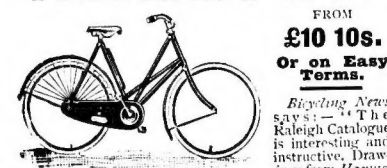
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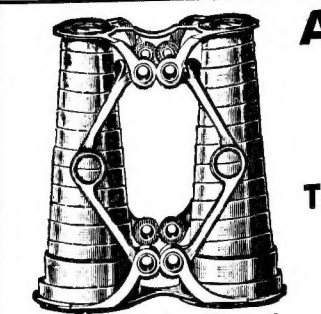


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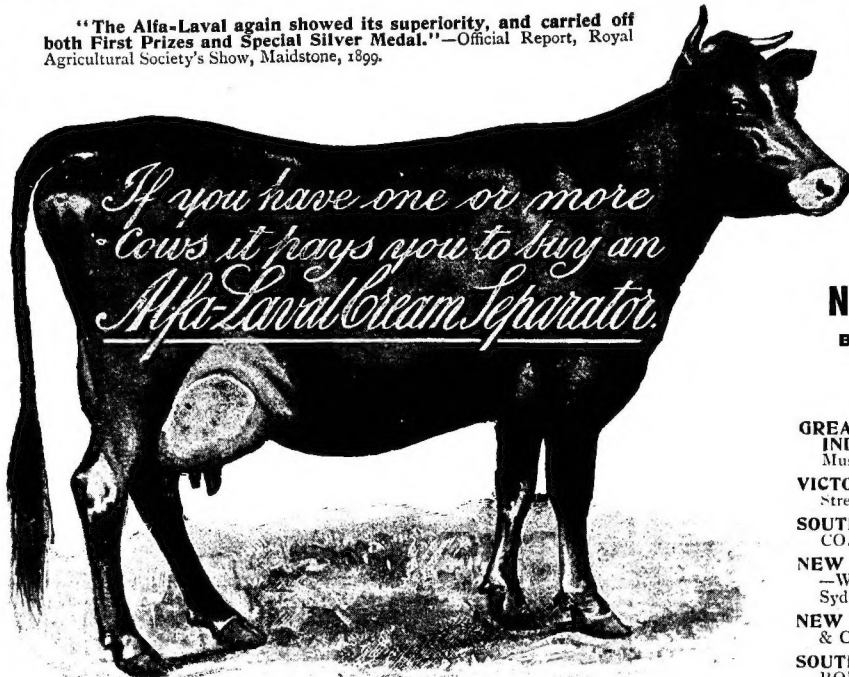
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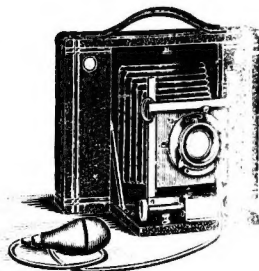
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